THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

RICHARD SAVAGE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

-------------No Mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
No Father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd. BASTARD.
Why were my ſtudious hours oppos'd by need?
In me did poverty from guilt proceed?----
Did I ſooth vice, or venal ſtrokes betray
In the low-purpos'd loud polemic fray?
Did e'er my verſe immodeſt warmth contain?
Or, once licentious, heav'nly truths profane?
Never--------- WANDERER.

VOL

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS
Anno 1780.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

RICHARD SAVAGE.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES.

O'er ample Nature I extend my views;
Nature to rural ſcenes invites the Muſe:
She flies all public care, all venal ſtrife,
To try the ſtill compar'd with active life;
To prove by thoſe the ſons of men may owe
The fruits of bliſs to burſting clouds of woe;
That ev'n Calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inſpirits and adorns the thinking mind.

WANDERER.

EDINBURG:
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THE LIFE OF

RICHARD SAVAGE.

It has been obſerved in all ages, that the advantages of nature or of fortune have contributed very little to the promotion of happineſs; and that thoſe whom the ſplendour of their rank, or the extent of their capacity, have placed upon the ſummits of human life have not often given any juſt occaſion to envy in thoſe who look up to them from a lower ſtation. Whether it be that apparent ſuperiority incites great deſigns, and great deſigns are naturally liable to fatal miſcarriages, or that the general lot of mankind is miſery, and the miſfortunes of thoſe whoſe eminence drew upon them an univerſal attention have been more carefully recorded, becauſe they were more generally obſerved, and have in reality been only more conſpicuous than thoſe of others, not more frequent or more ſevere.

That affluence and power, advantages extrinſic and adventitious, and therefore eaſily ſeparable from thoſe by whom they are poſſeſſed, ſhould very often flatter the mind with expectations of felicity which they cannot give, raiſes no aſtoniſhment; but it ſeems rational to hope that intellectual greatneſs ſhould produce better effects; that minds qualified for great attainments ſhould firſt endeavour their own benefit; and that they who are moſt able to teach others the

way to happineſs ſhould with moſt certainty follow it themſelves.

But this expectation, however plauſible, has been very frequently diſappointed. The heroes of literary as well as civil hiſtory have been very often no leſs remarkable for what they have ſuffered than for what they have achieved; and volumes have been written only to enumerate the miſeries of the learned, and relate their unhappy lives and untimely deaths.

To theſe mournful narratives I am about to add The Life of Richard Savage, a man whoſe Writings entitle him to an eminent rank in the claſſes of learning, and whoſe misfortunes claim a degree of compaſſion not always due to the unhappy, as they were often the conſequences of the crimes of others rather than his own.

In the year 1697 Anne Counteſs of Macclesfield, having lived for ſome time upon very uneaſy terms with her huſband, thought a public confeſſion of adultery the moſt obvious and expeditious method of obtaining her liberty, and therefore declared that the child with which ſhe was then great was begotten by the Earl Rivers. This, as may be eaſily imagined, made her huſband no leſs deſirous of a ſeparation than herſelf, and he proſecuted his deſign in the moſt effectual manner; for he applied not to the eccleſiaſtical courts for a divorce, but to the parliament for an act, by which his marriage might be diſſolved, the nup-

tial contract totally annulled, and the children of his wife illegitimated. This act, after the usual deliberation, he obtained, though without the approbation of some, who considered marriage as an affair only cognizable by ecclesiastical judges; and on March 3d was separated from his wife, whose fortune, which was very great, was repaid her; and who having, as well as her husband, the liberty of making another choice, was in a short time married to Colonel Bret.

While the Earl of Macclesfield was prosecuting this affair, his wife was, on the 10th of January 1697-8, delivered of a son, and the Earl Rivers, by appearing to consider him as his own, left none any reason to doubt of the sincerity of her declaration; for he was his godfather, and gave him his own name, which was by his direction inserted in the register of St. Andrew's parish in Holborn, but unfortunately left him to the care of his mother, whom, as she was now set free from her husband, he probably imagined likely to treat with great tenderness the child that had contributed to so pleasing an event. It is not indeed easy to discover what motives could be found to overbalance that natural affection of a parent, or what interest could be promoted by neglect or cruelty. The dread of shame or of poverty, by which some wretches have been incited to abandon or to murder their children, cannot be supposed to have affected a woman who had proclaimed her crime, and solicited reproach,

and on whom the clemency of the legiflature had undefervedly beftowed a fortune, which would have been very little diminifhed by the expenfes which the care of her child could have brought upon her. It was therefore not likely that fhe would be wicked without temptation; that fhe would look upon her fon from his birth with a kind of refentment and abhorrence, and inftead of fupporting, affifting, and defending, him, delight to fee him ftruggling with mifery; or that fhe would take every opportunity of aggravating his misfortunes, and obftructing his refources, and with an implacable and reftlefs cruelty continue her perfecution from the firft hour of his life to the laft.

But whatever were her motives, no fooner was her fon born than fhe difcovered a refolution of difowning him; and in a very fhort time removed him from her fight, by committing him to the care of a poor woman, whom fhe directed to educate him as her own, and enjoined never to inform him of his true parents.

Such was the beginning of the life of Richard Savage: born with a legal claim to honour and to affluence, he was in two months illegitimated by the parliament, and difowned by his mother, doomed to poverty and obfcurity, and lanched upon the ocean of life only that he might be fwallowed by its quickfands, or dafhed upon its rocks.

His mother could not indeed infect others with the same cruelty. As it was impossible to avoid the inquiries which the curiosity or tenderness of her relations made after her child, she was obliged to give some account of the measures that she had taken; and her mother, the Lady Mason, whether in approbation of her design, or to prevent more criminal contrivances, engaged to transact with the nurse, to pay her for her care, and to superintend the education of the child.

In this charitable office she was assisted by his godmother Mrs. Lloyd, who, while she lived, always looked upon him with that tenderness which the barbarity of his mother made peculiarly necessary; but her death, which happened in his tenth year, was another of the misfortunes of his childhood; for though she kindly endeavoured to alleviate his loss by a legacy of three hundred pounds, yet as he had none to prosecute his claim, to shelter him from oppression, or call in law to the assistance of justice, her will was eluded by the executors, and no part of the money was ever paid.

He was, however, not yet wholly abandoned: the Lady Mason still continued her care, and directed him to be placed at a small grammar-school near St. Alban's, where he was called by the name of his nurse, without the least intimation that he had a claim to any other.

Here he was initiated in literature, and passed

through ſeveral of the claſſes, with what rapidity or what applauſe cannot now be known. As he always ſpoke with reſpect of his maſter, it is probable that the mean rank in which he then appeared did not hinder his genius from being diſtinguiſhed, or his induſtry from being rewarded: and if in ſo low a ſtate he obtained diſtinction and rewards, it is not likely that they were gained but by genius and induſtry.

It is very reaſonable to conjecture that his application was equal to his abilities, becauſe his improvement was more than proportioned to the opportunities which he enjoyed; nor can it be doubted that if his earlieſt productions had been preſerved, like thoſe of happier ſtudents, we might in ſome have found vigorous ſallies of that ſprightly humour which diſtinguiſhes The Author to be Let, and in others ſtrong touches of that ardent imagination which painted the ſolemn ſcenes of The Wanderer.

While he was thus cultivating his genius, his father, the Earl Rivers, was ſeized with a diſtemper which in a ſhort time put an end to his life. He had frequently inquired after his ſon, and had always been amuſed with fallacious and evaſive anſwers; but being now in his own opinion on his deathbed, he thought it his duty to provide for him among his other natural children, and therefore demanded a poſitive account of him, with an importunity not to be diverted or denied. His mother, who could no longer refuſe

an anſwer, determined at leaſt to give ſuch as ſhould cut him off for ever from that happineſs which competence affords, and therefore declared that he was dead; which is perhaps the firſt inſtance of a lie invented by a mother to deprive her ſon of a proviſion which was deſigned him by another, and which ſhe could not expect herſelf, though he ſhould loſe it.

This was therefore an act of wickedneſs which could not be defeated, becauſe it could not be ſuſpected: the Earl did not imagine that there could exiſt in a human form a mother that would ruin her ſon without enriching herſelf, and therefore beſtowed upon ſome other perſon ſix thouſand pounds, which he had in his will bequeathed to Savage.

The ſame cruelty which incited his mother to intercept this proviſion which had been intended him prompted her in a ſhort time to another project, a project worthy of ſuch a diſpoſition! ſhe endeavoured to rid herſelf from the danger of being at any time made known to him, by ſending him ſecretly to the American plantations *.

By whoſe kindneſs this ſcheme was counteracted, or by what interpoſition ſhe was induced to lay aſide her deſign, I know not; it is not improbable that the Lady Maſon might perſuade or compel her to deſiſt, or perhaps ſhe could not eaſily find accomplices wicked enough to concur in ſo cruel an action; for it may be

* Savage's Preface to his Miſcellany, p. 29.

conceived that thoſe who had, by a long gradation of guilt, hardened their hearts againſt the ſenſe of common wickedneſs, would yet be ſhocked at the deſign of a mother to expoſe her ſon to ſlavery and want, to expoſe him without intereſt, and without provocation; and Savage might on this occaſion find protectors and advocates among thoſe who had long traded in crimes, and whom compaſſion had never touched before.

Being hindered, by whatever means, from baniſhing him into another country, ſhe formed, ſoon after, a ſcheme for burying him in poverty and obſcurity in his own; and that his ſtation of life, if not the place of his reſidence, might keep him for ever at a diſtance from her, ſhe ordered him to be placed with a ſhoemaker in Holborn, that after the uſual time of trial he might become his apprentice *.

It is generally reported that this project was for ſome time ſucceſsful, and that Savage was employed at the awl longer than he was willing to confeſs; nor was it perhaps any great advantage to him that an unexpected diſcovery determined him to quit his occupation.

About this time his nurſe, who had always treated him as her own ſon, died; and it was natural for him to take care of thoſe effects which, by her death, were, as he imagined, become his own; he therefore went to her houſe, opened her boxes, and examined her pa-

* Preface to Savage's Miſcellanies, p. 29.

pers, among which he found some letters written to her by the Lady Mason, which informed him of his birth, and the reasons for which it was concealed.

He was now no longer satisfied with the employment which had been allotted him, but thought he had a right to share the affluence of his mother, and therefore, without scruple, applied toher as her son, and made use of every art to awaken her tenderness, and attract her regard; but neither his letters nor the interposition of those friends which his merit or his distress procured him made any impression upon her mind; she still resolved to neglect, though she could no longer disown, him.

It was to no purpose that he frequently solicited her to admit him to see her; she avoided him with the most vigilant precaution, and ordered him to be excluded from her house, by whomsoever he might be introduced, and what reason soever he might give for entering it.

Savage was at the same time so touched with the discovery of his real mother, that it was his frequent practice to walk in the dark evenings for several hours before her door, in hopes of seeing her as she might come by accident to the window, or cross her apartment with a candle in her hand.

But all his assiduity and tenderness were without effect, for he could neither soften her heart nor open her hand, and was reduced to the utmost miseries of

want while he was endeavouring to awaken the affection of a mother: he was therefore obliged to seek some other means of support, and, having no profession, became by necessity an author.

At this time the attention of all the literary world was engrossed by the Bangorian controversy, which filled the press with pamphlets, and the coffeehouses with disputants. Of this subject, as most popular, he made choice for his first attempt, and without any other knowledge of the question than he had casually collected from conversation, published a poem against the Bishop.

What was the success or merit of this performance I know not; it was probably lost among the innumerable pamphlets to which that dispute gave occasion. Mr. Savage was himself in a little time ashamed of it, and endeavoured to suppress it, by destroying all the copies he could collect.

He then attempted a more gainful kind of writing *, and in his eighteenth year offered to the stage a comedy borrowed from a Spanish plot, which was refused by the players, and was therefore given by him to Mr. Bullock, who, having more interest, made some slight alterations, and brought it upon the stage under the title of Woman 's a Riddle, but allowed the unhappy Author no part of the profit.

Not discouraged, however, at his repulse, he wrote,

* Jacob's Lives of Dramatic Poets.

two years afterwards, Love in a Veil, another comedy, borrowed likewise from the Spanish, but with little better success than before; for though it was received and acted, yet it appeared so late in the year, that the Author obtained no other advantage from it than the acquaintance of Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Wilks, by whom he was pitied, caressed, and relieved.

Sir Richard Steele having declared in his favour with all the ardour of benevolence which constituted his character, promoted his interest with the utmost zeal, related his misfortunes, applauded his merit, took all opportunities of recommending him, and asserted that "the inhumanity of his mother had given "him a right to find every good man his father."

Nor was Mr. Savage admitted to his acquaintance only, but to his confidence, of which he sometimes related an instance too extraordinary to be omitted, as it affords a very just idea of his patron's character.

He was once desired by Sir Richard, with an air of the utmost importance, to come very early to his house the next morning. Mr. Savage came as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to inquire, but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard: the coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde-Park Corner;

where they ſtopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him that he intended to publiſh a pamphlet, and that he had deſired him to come thither that he might write for him. They ſoon ſat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was ſurpriſed at the meanneſs of the entertainment, and after ſome heſitation ventured to aſk for wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finiſhed their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon.

Mr. Savage then imagined his taſk over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning, and return home: but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet muſt be ſold before the dinner could be paid for; and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer their new production to ſale for two guineas, which with ſome difficulty he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and compoſed the pamphlet only to diſcharge his reckoning.

Mr. Savage related another fact equally uncommon, which, though it has no relation to his Life, ought to be preſerved. Sir Richard Steele having one day invited to his houſe a great number of per-

ſons of the firſt quality, they were ſurpriſed at the number of liveries which ſurrounded the table; and after dinner, when wine and mirth had ſet them free from the obſervation of rigid ceremony, one of them inquired of Sir Richard how ſuch an expenſive train of domeſtics could be conſiſtent with his fortune? Sir Richard very frankly confeſſed, that they were fellows of whom he would very willingly be rid: and being then aſked why he did not diſcharge them? declared that they were bailiffs who had introduced themſelves with an execution, and whom, ſince he could not ſend them away, he had thought it convenient to embelliſh with liveries, that they might do him credit while they ſtaid.

His friends were diverted with the expedient, and by paying the debt diſcharged their attendance, having obliged Sir Richard to promiſe that they ſhould never again find him graced with a retinue of the ſame kind.

Under ſuch a tutor Mr. Savage was not likely to learn prudence or frugality, and perhaps many of the misfortunes which the want of thoſe virtues brought upon him in the following parts of his life might be juſtly imputed to ſo unimproving an example.

Nor did the kindneſs of Sir Richard end in common favours. He propoſed to have eſtabliſhed him in ſome ſettled ſcheme of life, and to have contracted a kind of alliance with him, by marrying him to a

natural daughter, on whom he intended to beſtow a thouſand pounds: but though he was always lavish of future bounties, he conducted his affairs in ſuch a manner, that he was very ſeldom able to keep his promiſes, or execute his own intentions; and as he was never able to raiſe the ſum which he had offered the marriage was delayed. In the mean time he was officiouſly informed that Mr. Savage had ridiculed him; by which he was ſo much exaſperated, that he withdrew the allowance which he had paid him, and never afterwards admitted him to his houſe

It is not indeed unlikely that Savage might by his imprudence expoſe himſelf to the malice of a talebearer, for his patron had many follies, which as his diſcernment eaſily diſcovered, his imagination might ſometimes incite him to mention too ludicrouſly. A little knowledge of the world is ſufficient to diſcover that ſuch weakneſs is very common, and that there are few who do not ſometimes, in the wantonneſs of thoughtleſs mirth, or the heat of tranſient reſentment, ſpeak of their friends and benefactors with levity and contempt, though in their cooler moments they want neither ſenſe of their kindneſs nor reverence for their virtue. The fault, therefore, of Mr. Savage was rather negligence than ingratitude: but Sir Richard muſt likewiſe be acquitted of ſeverity; for who is there that can patiently bear contempt from one whom he has relieved and ſupported, whoſe eſtabliſh-

ment he has laboured, and whofe intereft he has promoted?

He was now again abandoned to Fortune, without any other friend than Mr. Wilks, a man who, whatever were his abilities or fkill as an actor, deferves at leaft to be remembered for his virtues *, which are not often to be found in the world, and perhaps lefs often in his profeffion than in others. To be humane, generous, and candid, is a very high degree of merit in any cafe; but thofe qualities deferve ftill greater praife when they are found in that condition

* As it is a lofs to mankind when any good action is forgotten, I fhall infert another inftance of Mr. Wilks's generofity very little known. Mr. Smith, a gentleman educated at Dublin, being hindered by an impediment in his pronunciation from engaging in orders, for which his friends defigned him, left his own country, and came to London in queft of employment, but found his folicitations fruitlefs, and his neceffities every day more preffing. In this diftrefs he wrote a tragedy, and offered it to the players, by whom it was rejected. Thus were his laft hopes defeated, and he had no other profpect than of the moft deplorable poverty: but Mr. Wilks thought his performance, though not perfect, at leaft worthy of fome reward, and therefore offered him a benefit. This favour he improved with fo much diligence, that the houfe afforded him a confiderable fum, with which he went to Leyden, applied himfelf to the ftudy of phyfic, and profecuted his defign with fo much diligence and fuccefs, that when Dr. Boerhaave was defired by the Czarina to recommend proper perfons to introduce into Ruffia the practice and ftudy of phyfic, Dr. Smith was one of thofe whom he felected. He had a confiderable penfion fettled on him at his arrival, and was one of the chief phyficians at the Ruffian court.

which makes almoſt every other man, for whatever reaſon, contemptuous, inſolent, petulant, ſelfiſh, and brutal.

As Mr. Wilks was one of thoſe to whom Calamity ſeldom complained without relief, he naturally took an unfortunate wit into his protection, and not only aſſiſted him in any caſual diſtreſſes, but continued an equal and ſteady kindneſs to the time of his death.

By his interpoſition Mr. Savage once obtained from his mother fifty pounds *, and a promiſe of one hundred and fifty more; but it was the fate of this unhappy man that few promiſes of any advantage to him were performed. His mother was infected, among others, with the general madneſs of the South-ſea traffic, and having been diſappointed in her expectations, refuſed to pay what perhaps nothing but the proſpect of ſudden affluence prompted her to promiſe.

Being thus obliged to depend upon the friendſhip of Mr. Wilks, he was, conſequently, an aſſiduous frequenter of the theatres, and in a ſhort time the amuſements of the ſtage took ſuch poſſeſſion of his mind that he never was abſent from a play in ſeveral years.

This conſtant attendance naturally procured him the acquaintance of the players, and, among others, of Mrs. Oldfield, who was ſo much pleaſed with his converſation, and touched with his misfortunes, that

* This is aſſerted upon the credit of the author of his life, which was publiſhed 1727.

ſhe allowed him a ſettled penſion of fifty pounds a-year, which was, during her life, regularly paid.

That this act of generoſity may receive its due praiſe, and that the good actions of Mrs. Oldfield may not be ſullied by her general character, it is proper to mention what Mr. Savage often declared in the ſtrongeſt terms, that he never ſaw her alone, or in any other place than behind the ſcenes.

At her death he endeavoured to ſhew his gratitude in the moſt decent manner, by wearing mourning as for a mother, but did not celebrate her in elegies, becauſe he knew that too great profuſion of praiſe would only have revived thoſe faults which his natural equity did not allow him to think leſs becauſe they were committed by one who favoured him, but of which, though his virtue would not endeavour to palliate them, his gratitude would not ſuffer him to prolong the memory, or diffuſe the cenſure.

In his Wanderer he has indeed taken an opportunity of mentioning her, but celebrates her not for her virtue but her beauty, an excellence which none ever denied her. This is the only encomium with which he has rewarded her liberality, and perhaps he has even in this been too laviſh of his praiſe. He ſeems to have thought that never to mention his benefactreſs would have an appearance of ingratitude, though to have dedicated any particular performance to her memory would have only betrayed an officious par-

tiality that, without exalting her character, would have depressed his own.

He had sometimes, by the kindness of Mr. Wilks, the advantage of a benefit, on which occasions he often received uncommon marks of regard and compassion; and was once told by the Duke of Dorset, that it was just to consider him as an injured nobleman, and that in his opinion the nobility ought to think themselves obliged, without solicitation, to take every opportunity of supporting him by their countenance and patronage. But he had generally the mortification to hear that the whole interest of his mother was employed to frustrate his applications, and that she never left any expedient untried by which he might be cut off from the possibility of supporting life. The same disposition she endeavoured to diffuse among all those over whom nature or fortune gave her any influence, and indeed succeeded too well in her design, but could not always propagate her effrontery with her cruelty; for some of those whom she incited against him were ashamed of their own conduct, and boasted of that relief which they never gave him.

In this censure I do not indiscriminately involve all his relations; for he has mentioned, with gratitude, the humanity of one lady whose name I am now unable to recollect, and to whom, therefore, I cannot pay the praises which she deserves for having acted well in opposition to influence, precept, and example.

The punishment which our laws inflict upon those parents who murder their infants is well known, nor has its justice ever been contested; but if they deserve death who destroy a child in its birth, what pains can be severe enough for her who forbears to destroy him only to inflict sharper miseries upon him; who prolongs his life only to make it miserable; and who exposes him, without care and without pity, to the malice of oppression, the caprices of chance, and the temptations of poverty; who rejoices to see him overwhelmed with calamities; and when his own industry, or the charity of others, has enabled him to rise for a short time above his miseries, plunges him again into his former distress?

The kindness of his friends not affording him any constant supply, and the prospect of improving his fortune by enlarging his acquaintance necessarily leading him to places of expense, he found it necessary to endeavour once more at dramatic poetry, for which he was now better qualified by a more extensive knowledge and longer observation: but having been unsuccessful in comedy, though rather for want of opportunities than genius, he resolved now to try whether he should not be more fortunate in exhibiting a tragedy.

The story which he chose for the subject was that of Sir Thomas Overbury, a story well adapted to the stage, though perhaps not far enough removed from

the present age to admit properly the fictions necessary to complete the plan; for the mind, which naturally loves truth, is always most offended with the violation of those truths of which we are most certain, and we of course conceive those facts most certain which approach nearest to our own time.

Out of this story he formed a tragedy which, if the circumstances in which he wrote it be considered, will afford at once an uncommon proof of strength of genius and evenness of mind, of a serenity not to be ruffled, and an imagination not to be suppressed.

During a considerable part of the time in which he was employed upon this performance he was without lodging, and often without meat; nor had he any other conveniencies for study than the fields or the street allowed him; there he used to walk and form his speeches, and afterwards step into a shop, beg for a few moments the use of the pen and ink, and write down what he had composed upon paper which he had picked up by accident.

If the performance of a writer thus distressed is not perfect, its faults ought surely to be imputed to a cause very different from want of genius, and must rather excite pity than provoke censure.

But when, under these discouragements, the tragedy was finished, there yet remained the labour of introducing it on the stage, an undertaking which, to an ingenuous mind, was in a very high degree vexa-

tious and disgusting; for having little interest or reputation, he was obliged to submit himself wholly to the players, and admit, with whatever reluctance, the emendations of Mr. Cibber, which he always considered as the disgrace of his performance.

He had indeed in Mr. Hill another critic of a very different class, from whose friendship he received great assistance on many occasions, and whom he never mentioned but with the utmost tenderness and regard. He had been for some time distinguished by him with very particular kindness, and on this occasion it was natural to apply to him as an author of an established character. He therefore sent this tragedy to him, with a short copy of verses, in which he desired his correction. Mr. Hill, whose humanity and politeness are generally known, readily complied with his request; but as he is remarkable for singularity of sentiment, and bold experiments in language, Mr. Savage did not think his play much improved by his innovation, and had even at that time the courage to reject several passages which he could not approve; and, what is still more laudable, Mr. Hill had the generosity not to resent the neglect of his alterations, but wrote the prologue and epilogue, in which he touches on the circumstances of the Author with great tenderness.

After all these obstructions and compliances he was only able to bring his play upon the stage in the sum-

mer, when the chief actors had retired, and the rest were in possession of the house for their own advantage. Among these Mr. Savage was admitted to play the part of Sir Thomas Overbury, by which he gained no great reputation, the theatre being a province for which Nature seemed not to have designed him; for neither his voice, look, nor gesture, were such as are expected on the stage, and he was himself so much ashamed of having been reduced to appear as a player, that he always blotted out his name from the list when a copy of his tragedy was to be shown to his friends.

In the publication of his performance he was more successful; for the rays of genius that glimmered in it, that glimmered thro' all the mists which Poverty and Cibber had been able to spread over it, procured him the notice and esteem of many persons eminent for their rank, their virtue, and their wit.

Of this play, acted, printed, and dedicated, the accumulated profits arose to an hundred pounds, which he thought at that time a very large sum, having been never master of so much before.

In the Dedication *, for which he received ten guineas, there is nothing remarkable. The Preface contains a very liberal encomium on the blooming excellencies of Mr. Theophilus Cibber, which Mr. Savage could not, in the latter part of his life, see his friends about to read without snatching the play out

* To Herbert Tryst, Esq. of Herefordshire.

of their hands. The generosity of Mr. Hill did not end on this occasion; for afterwards, when Mr. Savage's necessities returned, he encouraged a subscription to a Miscellany of Poems in a very extraordinary manner, by publishing his story in the Plain Dealer *, with some affecting lines †, which he as-

* The Plain Dealer was a periodical paper written by Mr. Hill and Mr. Bond, whom Mr. Savage called the two contending powers of Light and Darkness. They wrote by turns each six Essays, and the character of the work was observed regularly to rise in Mr. Hill's weeks, and fall in Mr. Bond's.

† Hopeless, abandon'd, aimless, and oppress'd,
Lost to delight, and ev'ry way distress'd,
Cross his cold bed in wild disorder thrown,
Thus sigh'd Alexis, friendless, and alone----
Why do I breathe?----What joy can being give,
When she who gave me life forgets I live!
Feels not these wintry blasts----nor heeds my smart,
But shuts me from the shelter of her heart!
Saw me expos'd to want! to shame! to scorn!
To ills!----which make it mis'ry to be born!
Cast me, regardless, on the world's bleak wild!
And bade me be a wretch while yet a child!
Where can he hope for pity, peace, or rest,
Who moves no softness in a mother's breast?
Custom, law, reason, all! my cause forsake,
And Nature sleeps to keep my woes awake!
Crimes which the cruel scarce believe can be,
The kind are guilty of to ruin me.
Ev'n she who bore me blasts me with her hate,
And, meant my fortune, makes herself my fate!
Yet has this sweet neglecter of my woes
The softest, tend'rest, breast that Pity knows!
Her eyes shed mercy wheresoe'er they shine,
And her soul melts at ev'ry woe----but mine!
Sure then some secret fate for guilt unwill'd,
Some sentence preordain'd to be fulfill'd,
Plung'd me thus deep in Sorrow's searching flood,
And wash'd me from the mem'ry of her blood!
But, oh! whatever cause has mov'd her hate,
Let me but sigh in silence at my fate;
The god within perhaps may touch her breast,
And when she pities who can be distrest?

C ij

ferts to have been written by Mr. Savage upon the treatment received by him from his mother, but of which he was himfelf the author, as Mr. Savage afterwards declared. Thefe lines, and the paper in which they were inferted, had a very powerful effect upon all but his mother, whom, by making her cruelty more public, they only hardened in her averfion.

Mr. Hill not only promoted the fubfcription to the Mifcellany, but furnifhed likewife the greateft part of the poems of which it is compofed, and particularly The Happy Man, which he publifhed as a fpecimen.

The fubfcriptions of thofe whom thefe papers fhould influence to patronife merit in diftrefs, without any other folicitation, were directed to be left at Button's Coffeehoufe; and Mr. Savage going thither a few days afterwards, without expectation of any effect from his propofal, found, to his furprife, feventy guineas*, which had been fent him in confequence of the compaffion excited by Mr. Hill's pathetic reprefentation.

* The names of thofe who fo generoufly contributed to his relief having been mentioned in a former account, ought not to be omitted here. They were the Duchefs of Cleveland, Lady Cheyney, Lady Caftlemain, Lady Gower, Lady Lechmere, the Duchefs Dowager and Duchefs of Rutland, Lady Strafford, the Countefs Dowager of Warwick, Mrs. Mary Floyer, Mrs. Sofuel Noel, Duke of Rutland, Lord Gainfborough, Lord Milfington, Mr. John Savage.

To this Miſcellany he wrote a preface *, in which

* The Preface is as follows:

> Crudelis Mater magis, an Puer improbus ille?
> Improbus ille Puer, crudelis tu quoque Mater. VIRG.

My readers, I am afraid, when they obſerve Richard Savage joined ſo cloſe, and ſo conſtantly, to "ſon of the late Earl Ri-"vers," will impute to a ridiculous vanity what is the effect of an unhappy neceſſity, which my hard fortune has thrown me under.---I am to be pardoned for adhering a little tenaciouſly to my father, becauſe my mother will allow me to be no body; and has almoſt reduced me, among heavier afflictions, to that uncommon kind of want which the Indians of America complained of at our firſt ſettling among them, when they came to beg names of the Engliſh, becauſe (ſaid they) we are poor men of ourſelves, and have none we can lay claim to.

The good nature of thoſe to whom I have not the honour to be known would forgive me the ludicrous turn of this beginning, if they knew but how little reaſon I have to be merry.-----It was my misfortune to be ſon of the above-mentioned Earl by the late Counteſs of Maccleſfield, (now widow of Colonel Henry Bret) whoſe divorce, on occaſion of the amour which I was a conſequence of, has left ſomething on record which I take to be very remarkable; and it is this: Certain of our great judges, in their temporal deciſions, act with a ſpiritual regard to Levitical divinity, and in particular to the Ten Commandments, two of which ſeem, in my caſe, to have viſibly influenced their opinions----"Thou ſhalt not "commit adultery," pointed fulleſt on my mother; but as to "The Lord's viſiting the ſins of the fathers upon the chil-"dren," it was conſidered as what could regard me only; and for that reaſon, I ſuppoſe, it had been inconſiſtent with the rules of ſanctity to aſſign proviſion out of my mother's returned eſtate for ſupport of an infant ſinner.

Thus, while legally the ſon of one Earl, and naturally of another, I am, nominally, no body's ſon at all; for the Lady

he gives an account of his mother's cruelty in a very uncommon strain of humour, and with a gaiety of

having given me too much father, thought it but an equivalent deduction to leave me no mother, by way of balance.--- So I am sported into the world, a kind of shuttlecock, between Law and Nature.--If Law had not beaten me back by the stroke of an act, on purpose, I had not been above wit by the privilege of a man of quality; nay, I might have preserved, into the bargain, the lives of Duke Hamilton and Lord Mohun, whose dispute arose from the estate of that Earl of Macclesfield whom (but for the mentioned act) I must have called Father.---And if Nature had not struck me off with a stranger blow than Law did, the other Earl, who was most emphatically my father, could never have been told I was dead, when he was about to enable me, by his will, to have lived to some purpose. An unaccountable severity of a mother, whom I was then not old enough to have deserved it from, and by which I am a single unhappy instance among that nobleman's natural children, and thrown friendless on the world, without means of supporting myself, and without authority to apply to those whose duty I know it is to support me.

Thus, however ill qualified I am to live by my wits, I have the best plea in the world for attempting it, since it is too apparent that I was born to it.---Having wearied my judgment with fruitless endeavours to be happy, I gave the reins to my fancy, that I might learn at least to be easy.

But I cease a while to speak of myself, that I may say something of my Miscellany.---I was furnished, by the verses of my friends, with wit enough to deserve a subscription, but I wanted another much more profitable quality, which should have emboldened me to solicit it, (another of my wants that, I hope, may be imputed to my mother!). I had met with little encouragement but for the endeavours of some few gentlemen in my behalf, who were generous enough to consider my ill fortune as a merit that entitled me to their notice.

Among these I am particularly indebted to the author of the Plain Dealers, who was pleased, in two of his papers, (which

imagination which the succefs of his fubfcription probably produced.

I entreat his pardon for reprinting before my Mifcellany) to point out my unhappy ftory to the world with fo touching a humanity, and fo good an effect, that many perfons of quality, of all ranks, and of both fexes, diftinguifhed themfelves with the promptnefs he had hinted to the noble-minded; and not ftaying till they were applied to, fent me the honour of their fubfcriptions, in the moft liberal and handfome manner, for encouragement of my undertaking.

I ought here to acknowledge feveral favours from Mr. Hill, whofe writings are a fhining ornament of this Mifcellany; but I wave detaining my readers, and beg leave to refer them to a copy of verfes called The Friend *, which I have taken the liberty to addrefs to that gentleman.

To return to the Lady, my mother.---Had the celebrated Mr. Locke been acquainted with her example, it had certainly appeared in his chapter againft innate practical principles, becaufe it would have completed his inftances of enormities; fome of which, though not exactly in the order that he mentions them, are as follow----"Have there not been," fays he, "whole nations, and thofe of the moft civilized people, a-"mongft whom the expofing their children to perifh by want, "or wild beafts, has been a practice as little condemned or "fcrupled as the begetting them?" Were I inclinable to be ferious, I could eafily prove that I have not been more gently dealt with by Mrs. Bret; but if this is any way foreign to my cafe, I fhall find a nearer example in the whimfical one that enfues.

"It is familiar," fays the afore-cited author, "among the "Mengrelians, a people profeffing Chriftianity, to bury their "children alive without fcruple."---There are indeed fundry fects of Chriftians, and I have often wondered which could be my mamma's, but now I find fhe piouflly profeffes and practifes Chriftianity after the manner of the Mengrelians; fhe induftriouflly obfcured me, when my fortune depended on my

* See under *Epiftles*.

The Dedication is addreſſed to the Lady Mary Wortley Montague, whom he flatters without re-

being known, and, in that ſenſe, ſhe may be ſaid to have buried me alive; and ſure, like a Mengrelian, the muſt have committed the action without ſcruple; for ſhe is a woman of ſpirit, and can ſee the conſequence without remorſe.---"The "Caribees," continues my author, "were wont to caſtrate "their children, in order to fat and eat them."---Here indeed I can draw no parallel; for to ſpeak juſtice of the Lady, ſhe never contributed ought to have me pampered, but always promoted my being ſtarved; nor did ſhe, even in my infancy, betray fondneſs enough to be ſuſpected of a deſign to devour me; but, on the contrary, not enduring me ever to approach her, offered a bribe to have me ſhipped off, in an odd manner, to one of the plantations.----When I was about fifteen her affection began to awake, and had I but known my intereſt, I had been handſomely provided for. In ſhort, I was ſolicited to be bound apprentice to a very honeſt and reputable occupation---a ſhoemaker! an offer which I undutifully rejected. I was, in fine, unwilling to underſtand her in a literal ſenſe, and hoped that, like the prophets of old, ſhe might have hinted her mind in a kind of parable, or proverbial way of ſpeaking; as thus---That one time or other I might, on due application, have the honour of taking the length of her foot.

Mr. Locke mentions another ſet of people that diſpatch their children, if a pretended aſtrologer declares them to have unhappy ſtars.---Perhaps my mamma has procured ſome cunning man to calculate my nativity; or having had ſome ominous dream, which preceded my birth, the dire event may have appeared to her in the dark and dreary bottom of a china cup, where coffee ſtains are often conſulted for prophecies, and held as infallible as were the leaves of the ancient Sibyls.---To be partly ſerious, I am rather willing to wrong her judgment, by ſuſpecting it to be tainted a little with the tenets of ſuperſtition, than ſuppoſe ſhe can be miſtreſs of a ſeared conſcience, and act on no principle at all.

ferve, and, to confefs the truth, with very little art *. The fame obfervation may be extended to all his Dedications: his compliments are conftrained and violent, heaped together without the grace of order or the decency of introduction: he feems to have written his panegyrics for the perufal only of his patrons, and to have imagined that he had no other tafk than to pamper them with praifes, however grofs; and that flattery would make its way to the heart without the affiftance of elegance or invention.

Soon afterwards the death of the King furnifhed a general fubject for a poetical conteft, in which Mr. Savage engaged, and is allowed to have carried the prize of honour from his competitors; but I know not whether he gained by his performance any other advantage than the increafe of his reputation; though

* This the following extract from it will prove.

---" Since our country has been honoured with the glory of " your wit, as elevated and immortal as your foul, it no long- " er remains a doubt whether your fex have ftrength of mind " in proportion to their fweetnefs. There is fomething in " your verfes as diftinguifhed as your air---They are as ftrong " as truth, as deep as reafon, as clear as innocence, and as " fmooth as beauty---They contain a namelefs and peculiar " mixture of force and grace, which is at once fo movingly " ferene, and fo majeftically lovely, that it is too amiable to " appear any where but in your eyes and in your writings.

" As Fortune is not more my enemy than I am the enemy " of flattery, I know not how I can forbear this application to " your Ladyfhip, becaufe there is fcarce a poffibility that I " fhould fay more than I believe when I am fpeaking of your " Excellence."----

it muſt certainly have been with farther views that he prevailed upon himſelf to attempt a ſpecies of writing of which all the topics had been long before exhauſted, and which was made at once difficult by the multitudes that had failed in it, and thoſe that had ſucceeded.

He was now advancing in reputation, and though frequently involved in very diſtreſsful perplexities, appeared however to be gaining upon mankind, when both his fame and his life were endangered by an event of which it is not yet determined whether it ought to be mentioned as a crime or a calamity.

On the 20th of November 1727 Mr. Savage came from Richmond, where he then lodged, that he might purſue his ſtudies with leſs interruption, with an intent to diſcharge another lodging which he had in Weſtminſter, and accidentally meeting two gentlemen his acquaintances, whoſe names were Merchant and Gregory, he went in with them to a neighbouring coffeehouſe, and ſat drinking till it was late, it being in no time of Mr. Savage's life any part of his character to be the firſt of the company that deſired to ſeparate. He would willingly have gone to bed in the ſame houſe, but there was not room for the whole company, and therefore they agreed to ramble about the ſtreets, and divert themſelves with ſuch amuſements as ſhould offer themſelves till morning.

In their walk they happened unluckily to diſcover

light in Robinfon's Coffeehoufe near Charing-crofs, and therefore went in. Merchant, with fome rudenefs, demanded a room, and was told that there was a good fire in the next parlour, which the company were about to leave, being then paying their reckoning. Merchant, not fatisfied with this anfwer, rufhed into the room, and was followed by his companions. He then petulantly placed himfelf between the company and the fire, and foon after kicked down the table. This produced a quarrel, fwords were drawn on both fides, and one Mr. James Sinclair was killed. Savage having wounded likewife a maid that held him, forced his way with Merchant out of the houfe; but being intimidated and confufed, without refolution either to fly or ftay, they were taken in a back court by one of the company, and fome foldiers whom he had called to his affiftance.

Being fecured and guarded that night, they were, in the morning, carried before three juftices, who committed them to the Gatehoufe, from whence, upon the death of Mr. Sinclair, which happened the fame day, they were removed in the night to Newgate, where they were however treated with fome diftinction, exempted from the ignominy of chains, and confined not among the common criminals, but in the Prefs-yard.

When the day of trial came the court was crowded in a very unufual manner, and the public appeared

to intereſt itſelf in a cauſe of general concern. The witneſſes againſt Mr. Savage and his friends were, the woman who kept the houſe, which was a houſe of ill fame, and her maid, the men who were in the room with Mr. Sinclair, and a woman of the Town, who had been drinking with them, and with whom one of them had been ſeen in bed. They ſwore, in general, that Merchant gave the provocation which Savage and Gregory drew their ſwords to juſtify; that Savage drew firſt, and that he ſtabbed Sinclair when he was not in a poſture of defence, or while Gregory commanded his ſword; that after he had given the thruſt he turned pale, and would have retired, but that the maid clung round him, and one of the company endeavoured to detain him, from whom he broke, by cutting the maid on the head, but was afterwards taken in a court.

There was ſome difference in their depoſitions; one did not ſee Savage give the wound, another ſaw it given when Sinclair held his point towards the ground; and the woman of the Town aſſerted that ſhe did not ſee Sinclair's ſword at all. This difference, however, was very far from amounting to inconſiſtency, but it was ſufficient to ſhew that the hurry of the diſpute was ſuch that it was not eaſy to diſcover the truth with relation to particular circumſtances, and that therefore ſome deductions were to be made from the credibility of the teſtimonies.

Sinclair had declared several times before his death that he received his wound from Savage, nor did Savage at his trial deny the fact, but endeavoured partly to extenuate it by urging the suddenness of the whole action, and the impossibility of any ill design or premeditated malice, and partly to justify it by the necessity of self-defence, and the hazard of his own life, if he had lost that opportunity of giving the thrust. He observed that neither reason nor law obliged a man to wait for the blow which was threatened, and which, if he should suffer it, he might never be able to return; that it was always allowable to prevent an assault, and to preserve life by taking away that of the adversary by whom it was endangered.

With regard to the violence with which he endeavoured to escape, he declared that it was not his design to fly from justice, or decline a trial, but to avoid the expenses and severities of a prison, and that he intended to have appeared at the bar without compulsion.

This defence, which took up more than an hour, was heard by the multitude that thronged the court with the most attentive and respectful silence. Those who thought he ought not to be acquitted owned that applause could not be refused him; and those who before pitied his misfortunes now reverenced his abilities.

The witnesses which appeared against him were proved to be persons of characters which did not en-

title them to much credit; a common strumpet, a woman by whom strumpets were entertained, and a man by whom they were supported; and the character of Savage was, by several persons of distinction, asserted to be that of a modest inoffensive man, not inclined to broils or to insolence, and who had, to that time, been only known for his misfortunes and his wit.

Had his audience been his judges he had undoubtedly been acquitted; but Mr. Page, who was then upon the bench, treated him with his usual insolence and severity; and when he had summed up the evidence, endeavoured to exasperate the jury, as Mr. Savage used to relate it, with this eloquent harangue.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you are to consider that "Mr Savage is a very great man, a much greater "man than you or I, Gentlemen of the jury; that he "wears very fine clothes, much finer clothes than you "or I, Gentlemen of the jury; that he has abundance "of money in his pocket, much more money than "you or I, Gentlemen of the jury; but, Gentlemen "of the jury, is it not a very hard case, Gentlemen "of the jury, that Mr. Savage should therefore kill "you or me, Gentlemen of the jury?"

Mr. Savage hearing his defence thus misrepresented, and the men who were to decide his fate incited against him by invidious comparisons, resolutely asserted that his cause was not candidly explained, and

began to recapitulate what he had before said with regard to his condition, and the necessity of endeavouring to escape the expenses of imprisonment; but the Judge having ordered him to be silent, and repeated his orders without effect, commanded that he should be taken from the bar by force.

The jury then heard the opinion of the Judge, that good characters were of no weight against positive evidence, though they might turn the scale where it was doubtful; and that though, when two men attack each other, the death of either is only manslaughter; but where one is the aggressor, as in the case before them, and in pursuance of his first attack kills the other, the law supposes the action, however sudden, to be malicious. They then deliberated upon their verdict, and determined that Mr. Savage and Mr. Gregory were guilty of murder, and Mr. Merchant, who had no sword, only of manslaughter.

Thus ended this memorable trial, which lasted eight hours. Mr. Savage and Mr. Gregory were conducted back to prison, where they were more closely confined, and loaded with irons of fifty pounds weight. Four days afterwards they were sent back to the court to receive sentence; on which occasion Mr. Savage made, as far as it could be retained in memory, the following speech.

"It is now, my Lord, too late to offer any thing "by way of defence or vindication; nor can we ex-

"pect ought from your Lordships, in this court, but "the sentence which the law requires you, as judges, "to pronounce against men of our calamitous condi- "tion.—But we are also persuaded that, as mere "men, and out of this seat of rigorous justice, you "are susceptive of the tender passions, and too hu- "mane not to commiserate the unhappy situation of "those whom the law sometimes perhaps—exacts— "from you to pronounce upon. No doubt you di- "stinguish between offences which arise out of pre- "meditation and a disposition habituated to vice or "immorality, and transgressions which are the un- "happy and unforeseen effects of casual absence of "reason and sudden impulse of passion; we there- "fore hope you will contribute all you can to an ex- "tension of that mercy which the gentlemen of the "jury have been pleased to shew Mr. Merchant, who "(allowing facts as sworn against us by the evidence) "has led us into this our calamity. I hope this will "not be construed as if we meant to reflect upon that "gentleman, or remove any thing from us upon him, "or that we repine the more at our fate because he "has no participation of it: no, my Lord! for my "part, I declare nothing could more soften my grief "than to be without any companion in so great a "misfortune."

Mr. Savage had now no hopes of life but from the mercy of the Crown, which was very earnestly soli-

cited by his friends, and which, with whatever difficulty the ſtory may obtain belief, was obſtructed only by his mother.

To prejudice the Queen againſt him ſhe made uſe of an incident which was omitted in the order of time, that it might be mentioned together with the purpoſe which it was made to ſerve. Mr. Savage, when he had diſcovered his birth, had an inceſſant deſire to ſpeak to his mother, who always avoided him in public, and refuſed him admiſſion into her houſe.

One evening walking, as it was his cuſtom, in the ſtreet that ſhe inhabited, he ſaw the door of her houſe by accident open; he entered it, and, finding no perſons in the paſſage to hinder him, went up ſtairs to ſalute her. She diſcovered him before he could enter her chamber, alarmed the family with the moſt diſtreſsful outcries, and when ſhe had by her ſcreams gathered them about her, ordered them to drive out of the houſe that villain who had forced himſelf in upon her, and endeavoured to murder her. Savage, who had attempted with the moſt ſubmiſſive tenderneſs to ſoften her rage, hearing her utter ſo deteſtable an accuſation, thought it prudent to retire, and, I believe, never attempted afterwards to ſpeak to her.

But, ſhocked as he was with her falſehood and her cruelty, he imagined that ſhe intended no other uſe of her lie than to ſet herſelf free from his embraces and ſolicitations, and was very far from ſuſpecting that

ſhe would treaſure it in her memory as an inſtrument of future wickedneſs, or that ſhe would endeavour, for this fictitious aſſault, to deprive him of his life.

But when the Queen was ſolicited for his pardon, and informed of the ſevere treatments which he had ſuffered from his Judge, ſhe anſwered, that however unjuſtifiable might be the manner of his trial, or whatever extenuation the action for which he was condemned might admit, ſhe could not think that man a proper object of the King's mercy who had been capable of entering his mother's houſe in the night with an intent to murder her.

By whom this atrocious calumny had been tranſmitted to the Queen; whether ſhe that invented had the front to relate it; whether ſhe found any one weak enough to credit it, or corrupt enough to concur with her in her hateful deſign, I know not; but methods had been taken to perſuade the Queen ſo ſtrongly of the truth of it, that ſhe for a long time refuſed to hear any of thoſe who petitioned for his life.

Thus had Savage periſhed by the evidence of a bawd, a ſtrumpet, and his mother, had not juſtice and compaſſion procured him an advocate of rank too great to be rejected unheard, and of virtue too eminent to be heard without being believed. His merit and his calamities happened to reach the ear of the Counteſs of Hertford, who engaged in his ſupport with all the tenderneſs that is excited by pity, and all

the zeal which is kindled by generoſity, and demanding an audience of the Queen laid before her the whole ſeries of his mother's cruelty, expoſed the improbability of an accuſation by which he was charged with an intent to commit a murder that could produce no advantage, and ſoon convinced her how little his former conduct could deſerve to be mentioned as a reaſon for extraordinary ſeverity.

The interpoſition of this Lady was ſo ſucceſsful, that he was ſoon after admitted to bail, and on the 9th of March 1728 pleaded the King's pardon.

It is natural to inquire upon what motives his mother could perſecute him in a manner ſo outrageous and implacable; for what reaſon ſhe could employ all the acts of malice, and all the ſnares of calumny, to take away the life of her own ſon, of a ſon who never injured her, who was never ſupported by her expenſe, nor obſtructed any proſpect of pleaſure or advantage; why ſhe ſhould endeavour to deſtroy him by a lie, a lie which could not gain credit, but muſt vaniſh of itſelf at the firſt moment of examination; and of which only this can be ſaid to make it probable, that it may be obſerved from her conduct that the moſt execrable crimes are ſometimes committed without apparent temptation.

This mother is ſtill alive, and may perhaps even yet, though her malice was ſo often defeated, enjoy the pleaſure of reflecting, that the life which ſhe often

endeavoured to deſtroy was at leaſt ſhortened by her maternal offices; that though ſhe could not tranſport her for to the plantations, bury him in the ſhop of a mechanic, or haſten the hand of the public executioner, ſhe has yet had the ſatisfaction of imbittering all his hours, and forcing him into exigencies that hurried on his death.

It is by no means neceſſary to aggravate the enormity of this woman's conduct, by placing it in oppoſition to that of the Counteſs of Hertford; no one can fail to obſerve how much more amiable it is to relieve than to oppreſs, and to reſcue innocence from deſtruction than to deſtroy without an injury.

Mr. Savage, during his impriſonment, his trial, and the time in which he lay under ſentence of death, behaved with great firmneſs and equality of mind, and confirmed by his fortitude the eſteem of thoſe who before admired him for his abilities. The peculiar circumſtances of his life were made more generally known by a ſhort account * which was then publiſhed, and of which ſeveral thouſands were in a few weeks diſperſed over the nation; and the compaſſion of mankind operated ſo powerfully in his favour, that he was enabled, by frequent preſents, not only to ſupport himſelf, but to aſſiſt Mr. Gregory in priſon; and when he was pardoned and releaſed he found the number of his friends not leſſened.

* Written by Mr. Beckingham and another gentleman.

The nature of the act for which he had been tried was in itſelf doubtful; of the evidences which appeared againſt him the character of the man was not unexceptionable, that of the woman notoriouſly infamous: ſhe whoſe teſtimony chiefly influenced the jury to condemn him afterwards retracted her aſſertions. He always himſelf denied that he was drunk, as had been generally reported. Mr. Gregory, who is now Collector of Antigua, is ſaid to declare him far leſs criminal than he was imagined even by ſome who favoured him; and Page himſelf afterwards confeſſed that he had treated him with uncommon rigour. When all theſe particulars are rated together, perhaps the memory of Savage may not be much ſullied by his trial.

Some time after he had obtained his liberty he met in the ſtreet the woman that had ſworn with ſo much malignity againſt him. She informed him that ſhe was in diſtreſs, and, with a degree of confidence not eaſily attainable, deſired him to relieve her. He, inſtead of inſulting her miſery, and taking pleaſure in the calamities of one who had brought his life into danger, reproved her gently for her perjury, and changing the only guinea that he had, divided it equally between her and himſelf.

This is an action which in ſome ages would have made a ſaint, and perhaps in others a hero, and which, without an hyperbolical encomium, muſt be allowed

to be an inſtance of uncommon generoſity, an act of complicated virtue, by which he at once relieved the poor, corrected the vicious, and forgave an enemy; by which he at once remitted the ſtrongeſt provocations, and exerciſed the moſt ardent charity.

Compaſſion was indeed the diſtinguiſhing quality of Savage; he never appeared inclined to take advantage of weakneſs, to attack the defenceleſs, or to preſs upon the falling: whoever was diſtreſſed was certain at leaſt of his good wiſhes; and when he could give no aſſiſtance to extricate them from misfortunes he endeavoured to ſooth them by ſympathy and tenderneſs.

But when his heart was not ſoftened by the ſight of miſery he was ſometimes obſtinate in his reſentment, and did not quickly loſe the remembrance of an injury. He always continued to ſpeak with anger of the inſolence and partiality of Page, and a ſhort time before his death revenged it by a ſatire.

It is natural to inquire in what terms Mr. Savage ſpoke of this fatal action when the danger was over, and he was under no neceſſity of uſing any art to ſet his conduct in the faireſt light. He was not willing to dwell upon it, and if he tranſiently mentioned it, appeared neither to conſider himſelf as a murderer nor as a man wholly free from the guilt of blood *. How much and how long he regretted it appeared in

* In one of his letters he ſtyles it "a fatal quarrel but too "well known."

a poem which he published many years afterwards. On occasion of a copy of verses, in which the failings of good men were recounted, and in which the author had endeavoured to illustrate his position, that "the best may sometimes deviate from virtue," by an instance of murder committed by Savage in the heat of wine, Savage remarked, that it was no very just representation of a good man to suppose him liable to drunkenness, and disposed in his riots to cut throats.

He was now indeed at liberty, but was, as before, without any other support than accidental favours and uncertain patronage afforded him, sources by which he was sometimes very liberally supplied, and which at other times were suddenly stopped; so that he spent his life between want and plenty, or, what was yet worse, between beggary and extravagance; for as whatever he received was the gift of Chance, which might as well favour him at one time as another, he was tempted to squander what he had, because he always hoped to be immediately supplied.

Another cause of his profusion was the absurd kindness of his friends, who at once rewarded and enjoyed his abilities by treating him at taverns, and habituated him to pleasures which he could not afford to enjoy, and which he was not able to deny himself, tho' he purchased the luxury of a single night by the anguish of cold and hunger for a week.

The experience of theſe inconveniencies determined him to endeavour after ſome ſettled income, which, having long found ſubmiſſion and entreaties fruitleſs, he attempted to extort from his mother by rougher methods. He had now, as he acknowledged, loſt that tenderneſs for her which the whole ſeries of her cruelty had not been able wholly to repreſs, till he found, by the efforts which ſhe made for his deſtruction, that ſhe was not content with refuſing to aſſiſt him, and being neutral in his ſtruggles with poverty, but was as ready to ſnatch every opportunity of adding to his misfortunes, and that ſhe was to be conſidered as an enemy implacably malicious, whom nothing but his blood could ſatisfy: he therefore threatened to haraſs her with lampoons, and to publiſh a copious narrative of her conduct, unleſs ſhe conſented to purchaſe an exemption from infamy by allowing him a penſion.

This expedient proved ſucceſsful: whether ſhame ſtill ſurvived though virtue was extinct, or whether her relations had more delicacy than herſelf, and imagined that ſome of the darts which Satire might point at her would glance upon them, Lord Tyrconnel, whatever were his motives, upon his promiſe to lay aſide his deſign of expoſing the cruelty of his mother, received him into his family, treated him as his equal, and engaged to allow him a penſion of two hundred pounds a-year.

This was the golden part of Mr. Savage's life, and for some time he had no reason to complain of Fortune; his appearance was splendid, his expences large, and his acquaintance extensive. He was courted by all who endeavoured to be thought men of genius, and caressed by all who valued themselves upon a refined taste. To admire Mr. Savage was a proof of discernment, and to be acquainted with him was a title to poetical reputation: his presence was sufficient to make any place of public entertainment popular, and his approbation and example constituted the fashion: so powerful is genius when it is invested with the glitter of affluence! Men willingly pay to fortune that regard which they owe to merit, and are pleased, when they have an opportunity, at once of gratifying their vanity and practising their duty.

This interval of prosperity furnished him with opportunities of enlarging his knowledge of human nature, by contemplating life from its highest gradations to its lowest: and had he afterwards applied to dramatic poetry he would perhaps not have had many superiors; for as he never suffered any scene to pass before his eyes without notice, he had treasured in his mind all the different combinations of passions, and the innumerable mixtures of vice and virtue which distinguish one character from another; and as his conception was strong, his expressions were clear; he

easily received impressions from objects, and very forcibly transmitted them to others.

Of his exact observations on human life he has left a proof which would do honour to the greatest names, in a small pamphlet called The Author to be Let, where he introduces Iscariot Hackney, a prostitute scribbler, giving an account of his birth, his education, his disposition and morals, habits of life, and maxims of conduct. In the introduction are related many secret histories of the petty writers of that time, but sometimes mixed with ungenerous reflections on their birth, their circumstances, or those of their relations; nor can it be denied that some passages are such as Iscariot Hackney might himself have produced.

He was accused, likewise, of living in an appearance of friendship with some whom he satirized, and of making use of the confidence which he gained by a seeming kindness to discover failings and expose them: it must be confessed that Mr. Savage's esteem was no very certain possession, and that he would lampoon at one time those whom he had praised at another.

It may be alleged that the same man may change his principles, and that he who was once deservedly commended may be afterwards satirized with equal justice, or that the poet was dazzled with the appearance of virtue, and found the man whom he had ce-

lebrated, when he had an opportunity of examining him more nearly, unworthy of the panegyric which he had too hastily bestowed; and that as a false satire ought to be recanted for the sake of him whose reputation may be injured, false praise ought likewise to be obviated, lest the distinction between vice and virtue should be lost, lest a bad man should be trusted upon the credit of his encomiast, or lest others should endeavour to obtain the like praises by the same means.

But though these excuses may be often plausible, and sometimes just, they are very seldom satisfactory to mankind; and the writer who is not constant to his subject quickly sinks into contempt, his satire loses its force, and his panegyric its value, and he is only considered at one time as a flatterer and as a calumniator at another.

To avoid these imputations it is only necessary to follow the rules of virtue, and to preserve an unvaried regard to truth: for though it is undoubtedly possible that a man, however cautious, may be sometimes deceived by an artful appearance of virtue, or by false evidences of guilt, such errors will not be frequent; and it will be allowed that the name of an author would never have been made contemptible had no man ever said what he did not think, or misled others but when he was himself deceived.

If The Author to be Let was first published in a single pamphlet, and afterwards inserted in a collection of pieces relating to The Dunciad, which were addressed by Mr. Savage to the Earl of Middlesex, in a dedication which he was prevailed upon to sign, though he did not write it, and in which there are some positions that the true author would perhaps not have published under his own name, and on which Mr. Savage afterwards reflected with no great satisfaction; the enumeration of the bad effects of the uncontrolled freedom of the press, and the assertion that the "liberties taken by the writers of Journals "with their superiors were exorbitant and unjustifi-"able," very ill became men who have themselves not always shewn the exactest regard to the laws of subordination in their writings, and who have often satirized those that at least thought themselves their superiors, as they were eminent for their hereditary rank, and employed in the highest offices of the kingdom: but this is only an instance of that partiality which almost every man indulges with regard to himself. The liberty of the press is a blessing when we are inclined to write against others, and a calamity when we find ourselves overborne by the multitude of our assailants; as the power of the Crown is always thought too great by those who suffer by its influence, and too little by those in whose favour it is exerted; and a standing army is generally accounted necessary by those who

command, and dangerous and oppreffive by thofe who fupport it.

Mr. Savage was likewife very far from believing that the letters annexed to each fpecies of bad poets in the Bathos were, as he was directed to affert, "fet "down at random;" for when he was charged by one of his friends with putting his name to fuch an improbability, he had no other anfwer to make than that "he did not think of it;" and his friend had too much tendernefs to reply, that next to the crime of writing contrary to what he thought, was that of writing without thinking.

After having remarked what is falfe in this dedication, it is proper that I obferve the impartiality which I recommend, by declaring what Savage afferted, that the account of the circumftances which attended the publication of The Dunciad, however ftrange and improbable, was exactly true.

The publication of this piece at this time raifed Mr. Savage a great number of enemies among thofe that were attacked by Mr. Pope, with whom he was confidered as a kind of confederate, and whom he was fufpected of fupplying with private intelligence and fecret incidents; fo that the ignominy of an informer was added to the terror of a fatirift.

That he was not altogether free from literary hypocrify, and that he fometimes fpoke one thing and wrote another, cannot be denied, becaufe he himfelf

confeffed, that when he lived in great familiarity with Dennis he wrote an epigram againft him *.

Mr. Savage, however, fet all the malice of all the pigmy writers at defiance, and thought the friendfhip of Mr. Pope cheaply purchafed by being expofed to their cenfure and their hatred; nor had he any reafon to repent of the preference, for he found Mr. Pope a fteady and unalienable friend almoft to the end of his life.

About this time, notwithftanding his avowed neutrality with regard to party, he publifhed a panegyric on Sir Robert Walpole, for which he was rewarded by him with twenty guineas, a fum not very large, if either the excellence of the performance, or the affluence of the patron, be confidered; but greater than he afterwards obtained from a perfon of yet higher rank, and more defirous in appearance of being diftinguifhed as a patron of literature.

As he was very far from approving the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole, and in converfation mentioned him fometimes with acrimony, and generally with contempt; as he was one of thofe who were always

* This epigram was, I believe, never publifhed.

Should Dennis publifh you had ftabb'd your brother,
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mother,
Say what revenge on Dennis can be had,
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad?
On one fo poor you cannot take the law,
On one fo old your fword you fcorn to draw:
Uncag'd, then, let the harmlefs monfter rage,
Secure in dulnefs, madnefs, want, and age.

zealous in their aſſertions of the juſtice of the late oppoſition, jealous of the rights of the people, and alarmed by the long-continued triumph of the Court, it was natural to aſk him what could induce him to employ his poetry in praiſe of that man who was, in his opinion, an enemy to liberty, and an oppreſſor of his country? He alleged that he was then dependent upon the Lord Tyrconnel, who was an implicit follower of the miniſtry, and that being enjoined by him, not without menaces, to write in praiſe of his leader, he had not reſolution ſufficient to ſacrifice the pleaſure of affluence to that of integrity.

On this, and on many other occaſions, he was ready to lament the miſery of living at the tables of other men, which was his fate from the beginning to the end of his life; for I know not whether he ever had, for three months together, a ſettled habitation, in which he could claim a right of reſidence.

To this unhappy ſtate it is juſt to impute much of the inconſtancy of his conduct; for though a readineſs to comply with the inclination of others was no part of his natural character, yet he was ſometimes obliged to relax his obſtinacy, and ſubmit his own judgment, and even his virtue, to the government of thoſe by whom he was ſupported; ſo that if his miſeries were ſometimes the conſequences of his faults, he ought not yet to be wholly excluded from compaſſion, becauſe his faults were very often the effects of his misfortunes.

In this gay period of his life, while he was surrounded by affluence and pleasure, he published The Wanderer, a moral poem, of which the design is comprised in these lines:

I fly all public care, all venal strife,
To try the still compar'd with active life;
To prove by these the sons of men may owe
The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
That ev'n Calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inspirits and adorns the thinking mind.

And more distinctly in the following passage:

By woe the soul to daring action swells;
By woe in plaintless patience it excels;
From patience prudent clear experience springs,
And traces knowledge thro' the course of things;
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success,
Renown---whate'er men covet and caress.

This performance was always considered by himself as his masterpiece; and Mr. Pope, when he asked his opinion of it, told him that he read it once over and was not displeased with it, that it gave him more pleasure at the second perusal, and delighted him still more at the third.

It has been generally objected to The Wanderer that the disposition of the parts is irregular; that the design is obscure, and the plan perplexed; that the images, however beautiful, succeed each other without order; and that the whole performance is not so much a regular fabric as a heap of shining materials thrown together by accident, which strikes rather with the solemn magnificence of a stupendous ruin than the elegant grandeur of a finished pile.

This criticiſm is univerſal, and therefore it is reaſonable to believe it at leaſt in a great degree juſt; but Mr. Savage was always of a contrary opinion, and thought his drift could only be miſſed by negligence or ſtupidity, and that the whole plan was regular, and the parts diſtinct.

It was never denied to abound with ſtrong repreſentations of nature, and juſt obſervations upon life; and it may eaſily be obſerved, that moſt of his pictures have an evident tendency to illuſtrate his firſt great poſition, "that good is the conſequence of evil." The ſun that burns up the mountains fructifies the vales; the deluge that ruſhes down the broken rocks with dreadful impetuoſity is ſeparated into purling brooks; and the rage of the hurricane purifies the air.

Even in this poem he has not been able to forbear one touch upon the cruelty of his mother, which, though remarkably delicate and tender, is a proof how deep an impreſſion it had upon his mind.

This muſt be at leaſt acknowledged, which ought to be thought equivalent to many other excellencies, that this poem can promote no other purpoſes than thoſe of virtue, and that it is written with a very ſtrong ſenſe of the efficacy of religion.

But my province is rather to give the hiſtory of Mr. Savage's performances than to diſplay their beauties, or to obviate the criticiſms which they have occaſioned, and therefore I ſhall not dwell upon the par-

ticular paſſages which deſerve applauſe: I ſhall neither ſhew the excellence of his deſcriptions, nor expatiate on the terrific portrait of ſuicide, nor point out the artful touches by which he has diſtinguiſhed the intellectual features of the rebels who ſuffer death in his laſt canto: it is, however, proper to obſerve that Mr. Savage always declared the characters wholly fictitious, and without the leaſt alluſion to any real perſons or actions.

From a poem ſo diligently laboured, and ſo ſucceſſfully finiſhed, it might be reaſonably expected that he ſhould have gained conſiderable advantage; nor can it, without ſome degree of indignation and concern, be told that he ſold the copy for ten guineas, of which he afterwards returned two, that the two laſt ſheets of the work might be reprinted, of which he had in his abſence intruſted the correction to a friend, who was too indolent to perform it with accuracy.

A ſuperſtitious regard to the correction of his ſheets was one of Mr. Savage's peculiarities: he often altered, reviſed, recurred to his firſt reading or punctuation, and again adopted the alteration; he was dubious and irreſolute without end, as on a queſtion of the laſt importance, and at laſt was ſeldom ſatisfied: the intruſion or omiſſion of a comma was ſufficient to diſcompoſe him, and he would lament an error of a ſingle letter as a heavy calamity. In one of his letters relating to an impreſſion of ſome verſes, he re-

marks that he had, with regard to the correction of the proof, "a spell upon him;" and indeed the anxiety with which he dwelt upon the minutest and most trifling niceties deserved no other name than that of fascination.

That he sold so valuable a performance for so small a price was not to be imputed either to necessity, by which the learned and ingenious are often obliged to submit to very hard conditions, or to avarice, by which the booksellers are frequently incited to oppress that genius by which they are supported, but to that intemperate desire of pleasure, and habitual slavery to his passions, which involved him in many perplexities; he happened at that time to be engaged in the pursuit of some trifling gratification, and, being without money for the present occasion, sold his poem to the first bidder, and perhaps for the first price that was proposed, and would probably have been content with less, if less had been offered him.

This poem was addressed to the Lord Tyrconnel not only in the first lines, but in a formal dedication, filled with the highest strains of panegyric, and the warmest professions of gratitude, but by no means remarkable for delicacy of connection or elegance of style.

These praises in a short time he found himself inclined to retract, being discarded by the man on whom he had bestowed them, and whom he then immedi-

ately difcovered not to have deferved them. Of this quarrel, which every day made more bitter, Lord Tyrconnel and Mr. Savage affigned very different reafons, which might perhaps all in reality concur, though they were not all convenient to be alleged by either party. Lord Tyrconnel affirmed that it was the conftant practice of Mr. Savage to enter a tavern with any company that propofed it, drink the moft expenfive wines with great profufion, and when the reckoning was demanded to be without money: if, as it often happened, his company were willing to defray his part, the affair ended without any ill confequences; but if they were refractory, and expected that the wine fhould be paid for by him that drank it, his method of compofition was, to take them with him to his own apartment, affume the government of the houfe, and order the butler, in an imperious manner, to fet the beft wine in the cellar before his company, who often drank till they forgot the refpect due to the houfe in which they were entertained, indulged themfelves in the utmoft extravagance of merriment, practifed the moft licentious frolics, and committed all the outrages of drunkennefs.

Nor was this the only charge which Lord Tyrconnel brought againft him: having given him a collection of valuable books, ftamped with his own arms, he had the mortification to fee them in a fhort time expofed to fale upon the ftalls, it being ufual with

Mr. Savage, when he wanted a small sum, to take his books to the pawnbroker.

Whoever was acquainted with Mr. Savage easily credited both these accusations: for having been obliged, from his first entrance into the world, to subsist upon expedients, affluence was not able to exalt him above them; and so much was he delighted with wine and conversation, and so long had he been accustomed to live by chance, that he would at any time go to the tavern without scruple, and trust for his reckoning to the liberality of his company, and frequently of company to whom he was very little known. This conduct indeed very seldom drew upon him those inconveniencies that might be feared by any other person; for his conversation was so entertaining, and his address so pleasing, that few thought the pleasure which they received from him dearly purchased by paying for his wine. It was his peculiar happiness that he scarcely ever found a stranger whom he did not leave a friend; but it must likewise be added, that he had not often a friend long without obliging him to become a stranger.

Mr. Savage, on the other hand, declared, that Lord Tyrconnel * quarrelled with him because he would not subtract from his own luxury and extra-

* His expression in one of his letters was, "That Lord T---l "had involved his estate, and therefore poorly sought an oc- "casion to quarrel with him."

vagance what he had promised to allow him, and that his resentment was only a plea for the violation of his promise: he asserted that he had done nothing that ought to exclude him from that subsistence which he thought not so much a favour as a debt, since it was offered him upon conditions which he had never broken, and that his only fault was that he could not be supported with nothing.

He acknowledged that Lord Tyrconnel often exhorted him to regulate his method of life, and not to spend all his nights in taverns, and that he appeared very desirous that he would pass those hours with him which he so freely bestowed upon others. This demand Mr. Savage considered as a censure of his conduct, which he could never patiently bear, and which in the latter and cooler part of his life was so offensive to him, that he declared it as his resolution "to spurn "that friend who should presume to dictate to him;" and it is not likely that in his earlier years he received admonitions with more calmness.

He was likewise inclined to resent such expectations, as tending to infringe his liberty, of which he was very jealous, when it was necessary to the gratification of his passions, and declared that the request was still more unreasonable, as the company to which he was to have been confined was unsupportably disagreeable. This assertion affords another instance of that inconsistency of his writings with his conversa-

tion, which was so often to be observed. He forgot how lavishly he had, in his Dedication to The Wanderer, extolled the delicacy and penetration, the humanity and generosity, the candour and politeness, of the man whom, when he no longer loved him, he declared to be a wretch without understanding, without good nature, and without justice; of whose name he thought himself obliged to leave no trace in any future edition of his writings, and accordingly blotted it out of that copy of The Wanderer which was in his hands.

During his continuance with the Lord Tyrconnel he wrote The Triumph of Health and Mirth, on the recovery of Lady Tyrconnel from a languishing illness. This performance is remarkable not only for the gaiety of the ideas, and the melody of the numbers, but for the agreeable fiction upon which it is formed. Mirth, overwhelmed with sorrow for the sickness of her favourite, takes a flight in quest of her sister Health, whom she finds reclined upon the brow of a lofty mountain, amidst the fragrance of perpetual spring, with the breezes of the morning sporting about her: being solicited by her sister Mirth, she readily promises her assistance, flies away in a cloud, and impregnates the waters of Bath with new virtues, by which the sickness of Sapphira is relieved.

As the reputation of his abilities, the particular circumstances of his birth and life, the splendour of

his appearance, and the diſtinction which was for ſome time paid him by Lord Tyrconnel, entitled him to familiarity with perſons of higher rank than thoſe to whoſe converſation he had been before admitted, he did not fail to gratify that curioſity which induced him to take a nearer view of thoſe whom their birth, their employments, or their fortunes, neceſſarily place at a diſtance from the greateſt part of mankind, and to examine whether their merit was magnified or diminiſhed by the medium through which it was contemplated; whether the ſplendour with which they dazzled their admirers was inherent in themſelves, or only reflected on them by the objects that ſurrounded them; and whether great men were ſelected for high ſtations, or high ſtations made great men.

For this purpoſe he took all opportunities of converſing familiarly with thoſe who were moſt conſpicuous at that time for their power or their influence; he watched their looſer moments, and examined their domeſtic behaviour with that acuteneſs which Nature had given him, and which the uncommon variety of his life had contributed to increaſe, and that inquiſitiveneſs which muſt always be produced in a vigorous mind, by an abſolute freedom from all preſſing or domeſtic engagements. His diſcernment was quick, and therefore he ſoon found in every perſon, and in every affair, ſomething that deſerved atten-

tion; he was supported by others without any care for himself, and was therefore at leisure to pursue his observations.

More circumstances to constitute a critic on human life could not easily concur, nor indeed could any man, who assumed from accidental advantages more praise than he could justly claim from his real merit, admit an acquaintance more dangerous than that of Savage, of whom likewise it must be confessed, that abilities really exalted above the common level, or virtue refined from passion, or proof against corruption, could not easily find an abler judge or a warmer advocate.

What was the result of Mr Savage's inquiry, though he was not much accustomed to conceal his discoveries, it may not be entirely safe to relate, because the persons whose characters he criticised are powerful, and power and resentment are seldom strangers; nor would it perhaps be wholly just, because what he asserted in conversation might, though true in general, be heightened by some momentary ardour of imagination, and as it can be delivered only from memory, may be imperfectly represented; so that the picture at first aggravated, and then unskilfully copied, may be justly suspected to retain no great resemblance of the original.

It may, however, be observed, that he did not appear to have formed very elevated ideas of those to

whom the adminiſtration of affairs, or the conduct of parties, has been intruſted; who have been conſidered as the advocates of the Crown, or the guardians of the people, and who have obtained the moſt implicit confidence, and the loudeſt applauſes. Of one particular perſon, who has been at one time ſo popular as to be generally eſteemed, and at another ſo formidable as to be univerſally deteſted, he obſerved that his acquiſitions had been ſmall, or that his capacity was narrow, and that the whole range of his mind was from obſcenity to politics, and from politics to obſcenity.

But the opportunity of indulging his ſpeculations on great characters was now at an end. He was baniſhed from the table of Lord Tyrconnel, and turned again adrift upon the world, without proſpect of finding quickly any other harbour. As prudence was not one of the virtues by which he was diſtinguiſhed, he had made no proviſion againſt a misfortune like this. And though it is not to be imagined but that the ſeparation muſt for ſome time have been preceded by coldneſs, peeviſhneſs, or neglect, though it was undoubtedly the conſequence of accumulated provocations on both ſides, yet every one that knew Savage will readily believe, that to him it was ſudden as a ſtroke of thunder; that though he might have tranſiently ſuſpected it, he had never ſuffered any thought ſo unpleaſing to ſink into his mind, but that he had driven

it away by amuſements, or dreams of future felicity and affluence, and had never taken any meaſures by which he might prevent a precipitation from plenty to indigence.

This quarrel and ſeparation, and the difficulties to which Mr. Savage was expoſed by them, were ſoon known both to his friends and enemies; nor was it long before he perceived, from the behaviour of both, how much is added to the luſtre of genius by the ornaments of wealth.

His condition did not appear to excite much compaſſion, for he had not always been careful to uſe the advantages he enjoyed with that moderation which ought to have been with more than uſual caution preſerved by him, who knew, if he had reflected, that he was only a dependent on the bounty of another, whom he could expect to ſupport him no longer than he endeavoured to preſerve his favour, by complying with his inclinations, and whom he nevertheleſs ſet at defiance, and was continually irritating by negligence or encroachments.

Examples need not be ſought at any great diſtance to prove that ſuperiority of fortune has a natural tendency to kindle pride, and that pride ſeldom fails to exert itſelf in contempt and inſult; and if this is often the effect of hereditary wealth, and of honours enjoyed only by the merit of others, it is ſome extenuation of any indecent triumphs to which this unhappy

man may have been betrayed, that his profperity was heightened by the force of novelty, and made more intoxicating by a fenfe of the mifery in which he had fo long languifhed, and perhaps of the infults which he had formerly borne, and which he might now think himfelf entitled to revenge. It is too common for thofe who have unjuftly fuffered pain to inflict it likewife in their turn with the fame injuftice, and to imagine that they have a right to treat others as they have themfelves been treated.

That Mr. Savage was too much elevated by any good fortune is generally known; and fome paffages of his Introduction to The Author to be Let fufficiently fhew that he did not wholly refrain from fuch fatire as he afterwards thought very unjuft when he was expofed to it himfelf; for when he was afterwards ridiculed in the character of a diftreffed poet, he very eafily difcovered that diftrefs was not a proper fubject for merriment, or topic of invective. He was then able to difcern that if mifery be the effect of virtue it ought to be reverenced; if of ill fortune, to be pitied; and if of vice, not to be infulted; becaufe it is perhaps itfelf a punifhment adequate to the crime by which it was produced: and the humanity of that man can deferve no panegyric who is capable of reproaching a criminal in the hands of the executioner.

But thefe reflections, though they readily occurred to him in the firft and laft parts of his life, were, I am

afraid, for a long time forgotten; at leaſt they were, like many other maxims, treaſured up in his mind rather for ſhew than uſe, and operated very little upon his conduct, however elegantly he might ſometimes explain, or however forcibly he might inculcate, them.

His degradation, therefore, from the condition which he had enjoyed with ſuch wanton thoughtleſſneſs was conſidered by many as an occaſion of triumph. Thoſe who had before paid their court to him without ſucceſs, ſoon returned the contempt which they had ſuffered; and they who had received favours from him (for of ſuch favours as he could beſtow he was very liberal) did not always remember them. So much more certain are the effects of reſentment than of gratitude: it is not only to many more pleaſing to recollect thoſe faults which place others below them, than thoſe virtues by which they are themſelves comparatively depreſſed, but it is likewiſe more eaſy to neglect than to recompenſe; and though there are few who will practiſe a laborious virtue, there will never be wanting multitudes that will indulge an eaſy vice.

Savage, however, was very little diſturbed at the marks of contempt which his ill fortune brought upon him from thoſe whom he never eſteemed, and with whom he never conſidered himſelf as levelled by any calamities; and though it was not without ſome un-

eaſineſs that he ſaw ſome, whoſe friendſhip he valued, change their behaviour, he yet obſerved their coldneſs without much emotion, conſidered them as the ſlaves of Fortune and the worſhippers of Proſperity, and was more inclined to deſpiſe them than to lament himſelf

It does not appear that after this return of his wants he found mankind equally favourable to him as at his firſt appearance in the world. His ſtory, though in reality not leſs melancholy, was leſs affecting, becauſe it was no longer new; it therefore procured no new friends, and thoſe that had formerly relieved him thought they might now conſign him to others. He was now likewiſe conſidered by many rather as criminal than as unhappy; for the friends of Lord Tyrconnel and of his mother were ſufficiently induſtrious to publiſh his weakneſſes, which were indeed very numerous, and nothing was forgotten that might make him either hateful or ridiculous.

It cannot but be imagined that ſuch repreſentations of his faults muſt make great numbers leſs ſenſible of his diſtreſs; many who had only an opportunity to hear one part, made no ſcruple to propagate the account which they received; many aſſiſted their circulation from malice or revenge, and perhaps many pretended to credit them, that they might with a better grace withdraw their regard or with-hold their aſſiſtance.

Savage, however, was not one of thoſe who ſuffered himſelf to be injured without reſiſtance, nor was leſs diligent in expoſing the faults of Lord Tyrconnel, over whom he obtained at leaſt this advantage, that he drove him firſt to the practice of outrage and violence; for he was ſo much provoked by the wit and virulence of Savage, that he came with a number of attendants that did no honour to his courage to beat him at a coffeehouſe: but it happened that he had left the place a few minutes, and his Lordſhip had, without danger, the pleaſure of boaſting how he would have treated him. Mr. Savage went next day to repay his viſit at his own houſe, but was prevailed on by his domeſtics to retire without inſiſting upon ſeeing him.

Lord Tyrconnel was accuſed by Mr. Savage of ſome actions which ſcarcely any provocations will be thought ſufficient to juſtify, ſuch as ſeizing what he had in his lodgings, and other inſtances of wanton cruelty, by which he increaſed the diſtreſs of Savage without any advantage to himſelf.

Theſe mutual accuſations were retorted on both ſides for many years with the utmoſt degree of virulence and rage, and time ſeemed rather to augment than diminiſh their reſentment. That the anger of Mr. Savage ſhould be kept alive is not ſtrange, becauſe he felt every day the conſequences of the quarrel; but it might reaſonably have been hoped that Lord Tyrconnel might have relented, and at length

have forgot those provocations which, however they might have once inflamed him, had not in reality much hurt him.

The spirit of Mr. Savage, indeed, never suffered him to solicit a reconciliation; he returned reproach for reproach, and insult for insult: his superiority of wit supplied the disadvantages of his fortune, and enabled him to form a party, and prejudice great numbers in his favour.

But though this might be some gratification of his vanity, it afforded very little relief to his necessities, and he was very frequently reduced to uncommon hardships, of which, however, he never made any mean or importunate complaints, being formed rather to bear misery with fortitude, than enjoy prosperity with moderation.

He now thought himself again at liberty to expose the cruelty of his mother, and therefore, I believe, about this time published The Bastard, a poem remarkable for the vivacious sallies of thought in the beginning, where he makes a pompous enumeration of the imaginary advantages of base birth, and the pathetic sentiments at the end, where he recounts the real calamities which he suffered by the crime of his parents.

The vigour and spirit of the verses, the peculiar circumstances of the author, the novelty of the subject, and the notoriety of the story to which the al-

luſions are made, procured this performance a very favourable reception; great numbers were immediately diſperſed, and editions were multiplied with unuſual rapidity.

One circumſtance attended the publication which Savage uſed to relate with great ſatisfaction. His mother, to whom the poem was, with "due reve- "rence," inſcribed, happened then to be at Bath, where ſhe could not conveniently retire from cenſure, or conceal herſelf from obſervation; and no ſooner did the reputation of the poem begin to ſpread than ſhe heard it repeated in all places of concourſe, nor could ſhe enter the aſſembly-rooms, or croſs the walks, without being ſaluted with ſome lines from The Baſtard.

This was perhaps the firſt time that ever ſhe diſcovered a ſenſe of ſhame, and on this occaſion the power of wit was very conſpicuous; the wretch who had, without ſcruple, proclaimed herſelf an adultereſs, and who had firſt endeavoured to ſtarve her ſon, then to tranſport him, and afterwards to hang him, was not able to bear the repreſentation of her own conduct, but fled from reproach, though ſhe felt no pain from guilt, and left Bath with the utmoſt haſte to ſhelter herſelf among the crowds of London.

Thus Savage had the ſatisfaction of finding, that though he could not reform his mother he could puniſh her, and that he did not always ſuffer alone.

The pleaſure which he received from this increaſe of his poetical reputation was ſufficient, for ſome time, to overbalance the miſeries of want, which this performance did not much alleviate, for it was ſold for a very trivial ſum to a bookſeller, who, though the ſucceſs was ſo uncommon that five impreſſions were ſold, of which ſome were undoubtedly very numerous, had not generoſity ſufficient to admit the unhappy writer to any part of the profit.

The ſale of this poem was always mentioned by Savage with the utmoſt elevation of heart, and referred to by him as an inconteſtable proof of a general acknowledgment of his abilities. It was indeed the only production of which he could juſtly boaſt a general reception.

But though he did not loſe the opportunity which ſucceſs gave him of ſetting a high rate on his abilities, but paid due deference to the ſuffrages of mankind when they were given in his favour, he did not ſuffer his eſteem of himſelf to depend upon others, nor found any thing ſacred in the voice of the people when they were inclined to cenſure him; he then readily ſhewed the folly of expecting that the public ſhould judge right, obſerved how ſlowly poetical merit had often forced its way into the world; he contented himſelf with the applauſe of men of judgment, and was ſomewhat diſpoſed to exclude all thoſe from the character of men of judgment who did not applaud him.

But he was at other times more favourable to mankind than to think them blind to the beauties of his Works, and imputed the flownefs of their sale to other caufes; either they were publifhed at a time when the Town was empty, or when the attention of the public was engroffed by fome ftruggle in the parliament, or fome other object of general concern; or they were by the neglect of the publifher not diligently difperfed, or by his avarice not advertifed with fufficient frequency. Addrefs, or induftry, or liberality, was always wanting; and the blame was laid rather on any other perfon than the author.

By arts like thefe, arts which every man practifes in fome degree, and to which too much of the little tranquillity of life is to be afcribed, Savage was always able to live at peace with himfelf. Had he indeed only made ufe of thefe expedients to alleviate the lofs or want of fortune or reputation, or any other advantages which it is not in man's power to beftow upon himfelf, they might have been juftly mentioned as inftances of a philofophical mind, and very properly propofed to the imitation of multitudes who, for want of diverting their imaginations with the fame dexterity, languifh under afflictions which might be eafily removed.

It were, doubtlefs, to be wifhed that truth and reafon were univerfally prevalent, that every thing were efteemed according to its real value, and that men

would ſecure themſelves from being diſappointed in their endeavours after happineſs, by placing it only in virtue, which is always to be obtained; but if adventitious and foreign pleaſures muſt be purſued, it would be perhaps of ſome benefit, ſince that purſuit muſt frequently be fruitleſs, if the practice of Savage could be taught, that folly might be an antidote to folly, and one fallacy be obviated by another.

But the danger of this pleaſing intoxication muſt not be concealed; nor indeed can any one, after having obſerved the life of Savage, need to be cautioned againſt it. By imputing none of his miſeries to himſelf, he continued to act upon the ſame principles, and to follow the ſame path; was never made wiſer by his ſufferings, nor preſerved by one misfortune from falling into another. He proceeded throughout his life to tread the ſame ſteps on the ſame circle; always applauding his paſt conduct, or at leaſt forgetting it, to amuſe himſelf with phantoms of happineſs which were dancing before him, and willingly turned his eyes from the light of reaſon, when it would have diſcovered the illuſion, and ſhewn him, what he never wiſhed to ſee, his real ſtate.

He is even accuſed, after having lulled his imagination with thoſe ideal opiates, of having tried the ſame experiment upon his conſcience; and having accuſtomed himſelf to impute all deviations from the right to foreign cauſes, it is certain that he was upon

every occasion too easily reconciled to himself, and that he appeared very little to regret those practices which had impaired his reputation. The reigning error of his life was, that he mistook the love for the practice of virtue, and was indeed not so much a good man as the friend of goodness.

This at least must be allowed him, that he always preserved a strong sense of the dignity, the beauty, and the necessity, of virtue, and that he never contributed deliberately to spread corruption among mankind; his actions, which were generally precipitate, were often blameable; but his Writings, being the productions of study, uniformly tended to the exaltation of the mind, and the propagation of morality and piety.

These Writings may improve mankind when his failings shall be forgotten, and therefore he must be considered, upon the whole, as a benefactor to the world; nor can his personal example do any hurt, since whoever hears of his faults will hear of the miseries which they brought upon him, and which would deserve less pity, had not his condition been such as made his faults pardonable. He may be considered as a child exposed to all the temptations of indigence at an age when resolution was not yet strengthened by conviction, nor virtue confirmed by habit; a circumstance which, in his Bastard, he laments in a very affecting manner;

> ------------No Mother's care
> Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
> No Father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
> Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice reſtrain'd.

The Baſtard, however it might provoke or mortify his mother, could not be expected to melt her to compaſſion, ſo that he was ſtill under the ſame want of the neceſſaries of life, and he therefore exerted all the intereſt which his wit, or his birth, or his misfortunes, could procure, to obtain, upon the death of Euſden, the place of Poet Laureat, and proſecuted his application with ſo much diligence, that the King publicly declared it his intention to beſtow it upon him; but ſuch was the fate of Savage, that even the King, when he intended his advantage, was diſappointed in his ſchemes; for the Lord Chamberlain, who has the diſpoſal of the laurel, as one of the appendages of his office, either did not know the King's deſign, or did not approve it, or thought the nomination of the Laureat an encroachment upon his rights, and therefore beſtowed the laurel upon Colley Cibber.

Mr. Savage, thus diſappointed, took a reſolution of applying to the Queen, that having once given him life, ſhe would enable him to ſupport it, and therefore publiſhed a ſhort poem on her birth-day, to which he gave the odd title of Volunteer Laureat. The event of this eſſay he has himſelf related in the following letter, which he prefixed to the poem,

when he afterwards reprinted it in The Gentleman's Magazine, from whence I have copied it entire, as this was one of the few attempts in which Mr. Savage succeeded.

" MR. URBAN,

" In your Magazine for February you published " the last Volunteer Laureat, written on a very me- " lancholy occasion, the death of the royal patroness " of arts and literature in general, and of the author " of that poem in particular. I now send you the first " that Mr. Savage wrote under that title.—This " gentleman, notwithstanding a very considerable in- " terest, being, on the death of Mr. Eusden, disap- " pointed of the Laureat's place, wrote the before " mentioned poem, which were no sooner published " but the late Queen sent to a bookseller for them. " The author had not at that time a friend either to " get him introduced, or his poem presented, at court; " yet such was the unspeakable goodness of that Prin- " cess, that, notwithstanding this act of ceremony " was wanting, in a few days after publication Mr. " Savage received a bank-bill of fifty pounds, and a " gracious message from her Majesty, by the Lord " North and Guildford, to this effect, " That her " Majesty was highly pleased with the verses; that " she took particularly kind his lines there relating " to the King; that he had permission to write an- " nually on the same subject; and that he should

"yearly receive the like present, till something better (which was her Majesty's intention) could be done for him." After this he was permitted to present one of his annual poems to her Majesty, had the honour of kissing her hand, and met with the most gracious reception. Yours," &c.

Such was the performance, and such its reception; a reception which, though by no means unkind, was yet not in the highest degree generous: to chain down the genius of a writer to an annual panegyric shewed in the Queen too much desire of hearing her own praises, and a greater regard to herself than to him on whom her bounty was conferred: it was a kind of avaricious generosity, by which flattery was rather purchased than genius rewarded.

Mrs. Oldfield had formerly given him the same allowance with much more heroic intention; she had no other view than to enable him to prosecute his studies, and to set himself above the want of assistance, and was contented with doing good without stipulating for encomiums.

Mr. Savage, however, was not at liberty to make exceptions, but was ravished with the favours which he had received, and probably yet more with those which he was promised: he considered himself now as a favourite of the Queen, and did not doubt but a few annual poems would establish him in some profitable employment.

He therefore aſſumed the title of Volunteer Laureat, not without ſome reprehenſions from Cibber, who informed him that the title of Laureat was a mark of honour conferred by the King, from whom all honour is derived, and which therefore no man has a right to beſtow upon himſelf; and added, that he might with equal propriety ſtyle himſelf a Volunteer Lord, or Volunteer Baronet. It cannot be denied that the remark was juſt; but Savage did not think any title which was conferred upon Mr. Cibber ſo honourable as that the uſurpation of it could be imputed to him as an inſtance of very exorbitant vanity, and therefore continued to write under the ſame title, and received every year the ſame reward.

He did not appear to conſider theſe encomiums as teſts of his abilities, or as any thing more than annual hints to the Queen of her promiſe, or acts of ceremony, by the performance of which he was entitled to his penſion, and therefore did not labour them with great diligence, or print more than fifty each year, except that for ſome of the laſt years he regularly inſerted them in The Gentleman's Magazine, by which they were diſperſed over the kingdom.

Of ſome of them he had himſelf ſo low an opinion, that he intended to omit them in the collection of poems for which he printed propoſals, and ſolicited ſubſcriptions; nor can it ſeem ſtrange that, being confined to the ſame ſubject, he ſhould be at ſome times

indolent, and at others unſucceſsful; that he ſhould ſometimes delay a diſagreeable taſk till it was too late to perform it well; or that he ſhould ſometimes repeat the ſame ſentiment on the ſame occaſion, or at others be miſled, by an attempt after novelty, to forced conceptions and far-fetched images.

He wrote, indeed, with a double intention, which ſupplied him with ſome variety; for his buſineſs was to praiſe the Queen for the favours which he had received, and to complain to her of the delay of thoſe which ſhe had promiſed: in ſome of his pieces, therefore, gratitude is predominant, and in ſome diſcontent; in ſome he repreſents himſelf as happy in her patronage, and in others as diſconſolate to find himſelf neglected.

Her promiſe, like other promiſes made to this unfortunate man, was never performed, though he took ſufficient care that it ſhould not be forgotten. The publication of his Volunteer Laureat procured him no other reward than a regular remittance of fifty pounds.

He was not ſo depreſſed by his diſappointments as to neglect any opportunity that was offered of advancing his intereſt. When the Princeſs Anne was married, he wrote a poem upon her departure, only, as he declared, "becauſe it was expected from him," and he was not willing to bar his own proſpects by any appearance of neglect.

He never mentioned any advantage gained by this poem, or any regard that was paid to it, and therefore it is likely that it was considered at court as an act of duty to which he was obliged by his dependence, and which it was therefore not necessary to reward by any new favour; or perhaps the Queen really intended his advancement, and therefore thought it superfluous to lavish presents upon a man whom she intended to establish for life.

About this time not only his hopes were in danger of being frustrated but his pension likewise of being obstructed by an accidental calumny. The writer of The Daily Courant, a paper then published under the direction of the Ministry, charged him with a crime which, though not very great in itself, would have been remarkably invidious in him, and might very justly have incensed the Queen against him. He was accused, by name, of influencing elections against the Court, by appearing at the head of a Tory mob; nor did the accuser fail to aggravate his crime, by representing it as the effect of the most atrocious ingratitude, and a kind of a rebellion against the Queen, who had first preserved him from an infamous death, and afterwards distinguished him by her favour, and supported him by her charity. The charge, as it was open and confident, was likewise by good fortune very particular: the place of the transaction was mentioned, and the whole series of the rioter's conduct

related. This exactneſs made Mr. Savage's vindication eaſy; for he never had in his life ſeen the place which was declared to be the ſcene of his wickedneſs, nor ever had been preſent in any town when its repreſentatives were choſen. This anſwer he therefore made haſte to publiſh, with all the circumſtances neceſſary to make it credible, and very reaſonably demanded that the accuſation ſhould be retracted in the ſame paper, that he might no longer ſuffer the imputation of ſedition and ingratitude. This demand was likewiſe preſſed by him in a private letter to the author of the paper, who, either truſting to the protection of thoſe whoſe defence he had undertaken, or having entertained ſome perſonal malice againſt Mr. Savage, or fearing leſt, by retracting ſo confident an aſſertion, he ſhould impair the credit of his paper, refuſed to give him that ſatisfaction.

Mr. Savage therefore thought it neceſſary to his own vindication to proſecute him in the King's Bench; but as he did not find any ill effects from the accuſation, having ſufficiently cleared his innocence, he thought any farther procedure would have the appearance of revenge, and therefore willingly dropped it.

He ſaw, ſoon afterwards, a proceſs commenced in the ſame court againſt himſelf, on an information, in which he was accuſed of writing and publiſhing an obſcene pamphlet.

It was always Mr. Savage's desire to be distinguished, and when any controversy became popular, he never wanted some reason for engaging in it with great ardour, and appearing at the head of the party which he had chosen. As he was never celebrated for his prudence, he had no sooner taken his side, and informed himself of the chief topics of the dispute, than he took all opportunities of asserting and propagating his principles, without much regard to his own interest, or any other visible design than that of drawing upon himself the attention of mankind.

The dispute between the Bishop of London and the Chancellor is well known to have been for some time the chief topic of political conversation, and therefore Mr. Savage, in pursuance of his character, endeavoured to become conspicuous among the controvertists with which every coffeehouse was filled on that occasion. He was an indefatigable opposer of all the claims of ecclesiastical power, though he did not know on what they were founded, and was therefore no friend to the Bishop of London. But he had another reason for appearing as a warm advocate for Dr. Rundle, for he was the friend of Mr. Foster and Mr. Thomson, who were the friends of Mr. Savage.

Thus remote was his interest in the question, which, however, as he imagined, concerned him so nearly, that it was not sufficient to harangue and dispute, but necessary likewise to write upon it.

He therefore engaged with great ardour in a new poem, called by him The Progrefs of a Divine, in which he conducts a profligate prieft, by all the gradations of wickednefs, from a poor curacy in the country to the higheft preferments of the church, and defcribes, with that humour which was natural to him, and that knowledge which was extended to all the diverfities of human life, his behaviour in every ftation, and infinuates that this prieft, thus accomplifhed, found at laft a patron in the Bifhop of London.

When he was afked, by one of his friends, on what pretence he could charge the Bifhop with fuch an action, he had no more to fay than that he had only inverted the accufation, and that he thought it reafonable to believe that he who obftructed the rife of a good man without reafon, would for bad reafons promote the exaltation of a villain.

The clergy were univerfally provoked by this fatire, and Savage, who, as was his conftant practice, had fet his name to his performance, was cenfured in The Weekly Mifcellany * with feverity, which he did not feem inclined to forget.

* A fhort fatire was likewife publifhed, in the fame paper, in which were the following lines;

For cruel murder doom'd to hempen death
Savage, by royal grace, prolong'd his breath.
Well might you think he fpent his future years
In pray'r and fafting, and repentant tears.
----But, O vain hope!----The truly Savage cries,
" Priefts and their flavifh doctrines I defpife.
" Shall I----------

But a return of invective was not thought a sufficient punishment: the Court of King's Bench was therefore moved against him, and he was oblig d to return an answer to a charge of obscenity. It was urged, in his defence, that obscenity was criminal when it was intended to promote the practice of vice, but

"Who, by free thinking to free action fir'd,
"In midnight brawls a deathless name acquir'd,
"Now stoop to learn of ecclesiastic men?------
"----No, arm'd with rhyme, at priests I'll take my aim,
"Tho' Prudence bids me murder but their fame.

Weekly Miscellany.

An answer was published in The Gentleman's Magazine, written by an unknown hand, from which the following lines are selected;

Transform'd by thoughtless rage and midnight wine,
From malice free, and push'd without design,
In equal brawl if Savage lung'd a thrust,
And brought the youth a victim to the dust,
So strong the hand of Accident appears,
The royal hand from guilt and vengeance clears.
Instead of wasting "all thy future years,
"Savage! in pray'r and vain repentant tears,"
Exert thy pen to mend a vicious age,
To curb the priest, and sink his high-church rage;
To shew what frauds the holy vestments hide,
The nests of av'rice, lust, and pedant pride;
Then change the scene, let merit brightly shine,
And round the patriot twist the wreath divine;
The heav'nly guide deliver down to fame;
In well-tun'd lays transmit a Foster's name:
Touch ev'ry passion with harmonious art,
Exalt the genius, and correct the heart.
Thus future times shall royal grace extol;
Thus polish'd lines thy present fame enrol.
----But grant--------
----Maliciously that Savage plung'd the steel,
And made the youth its shining vengeance feel,
My soul abhors the act the man detests,
But more the bigotry in priestly breasts.

Gentleman's Magazine, May 1735.

that Mr. Savage had only introduced obſcene ideas with the view of expoſing them to deteſtation, and of amending the age, by ſhewing the deformity of wickedneſs. This plea was admitted, and Sir Philip Yorke, who then preſided in that court, diſmiſſed the information with encomiums upon the purity and excellence of Mr. Savage's Writings.

The proſecution, however, anſwered, in ſome meaſure, the purpoſe of thoſe by whom it was ſet on foot; for Mr. Savage was ſo far intimidated by it, that when the edition of his poem was ſold he did not venture to reprint it; ſo that it was in a ſhort time forgotten, or forgotten by all but thoſe whom it offended.

It is ſaid that ſome endeavours were uſed to incenſe the Queen againſt him, but he found advocates to obviate at leaſt part of their effect; for though he was never advanced he ſtill continued to receive his penſion.

This poem drew more infamy upon him than any incident of his life; and as his conduct cannot be vindicated, it is proper to ſecure his memory from reproach, by informing thoſe whom he made his enemies that he never intended to repeat the provocation; and that, though whenever he thought he had any reaſon to complain of the clergy he uſed to threaten them with a new edition of The Progreſs of a Divine, it was his calm and ſettled reſolution to ſuppreſs it for ever.

He once intended to have made a better reparation for the folly or injustice with which he might be charged, by writing another poem called The Progress of a Freethinker, whom he intended to lead through all the stages of vice and folly, to convert him from virtue to wickedness, and from religion to infidelity, by all the modish sophistry used for that purpose, and at last to dismiss him by his own hand into the other world.

That he did not execute this design is a real loss to mankind; for he was too well acquainted with all the scenes of debauchery to have failed in his representations of them, and too zealous for virtue not to have represented them in such a manner as should expose them either to ridicule or detestation.

But this plan was, like others, formed and laid aside till the vigour of his imagination was spent, and the effervescence of invention had subsided, but soon gave way to some other design which pleased by its novelty for a while, and then was neglected like the former.

He was still in his usual exigencies, having no certain support but the pension allowed him by the Queen, which, though it might have kept an exact economist from want, was very far from being sufficient for Mr. Savage, who had never been accustomed to dismiss any of his appetites without the gratification which they solicited, and whom nothing but

want of money with-held from partaking of every pleasure that fell within his view.

His conduct with regard to his pension was very particular: no sooner had he changed the bill than he vanished from the sight of all his acquaintances, and lay for some time out of the reach of all the inquiries that Friendship or Curiosity could make after him; at length he appeared again pennyless as before, but never informed even those whom he seemed to regard most where he had been, nor was his retreat ever discovered.

This was his constant practice during the whole time that he received the pension from the Queen: he regularly disappeared and returned. He indeed affirmed that he retired to study, and that the money supported him in solitude for many months; but his friends declared that the short time in which it was spent sufficiently confuted his own account of his conduct.

His politeness and his wit still raised him friends, who were desirous of setting him at length free from that indigence by which he had been hitherto oppressed, and therefore solicited Sir Robert Walpole in his favour with so much earnestness, that they obtained a promise of the next place that should become vacant, not exceeding two hundred pounds a-year. This promise was made with an uncommon declaration, "that it was not the promise of a minister to a "petitioner, but of a friend to his friend."

Mr. Savage now concluded himſelf ſet at eaſe for ever, and, as he obſerves in a poem written on that incident of his life, truſted and was truſted, but ſoon found that his confidence was ill-grounded, and this friendly promiſe was not inviolable. He ſpent a long time in ſolicitations, and at laſt deſpaired and deſiſted.

He did not indeed deny that he had given the miniſter ſome reaſon to believe that he ſhould not ſtrengthen his own intereſt by advancing him, for he had taken care to diſtinguiſh himſelf in coffeehouſes as an advocate for the miniſtry of the laſt years of Queen Anne, and was always ready to juſtify the conduct, and exalt the character, of Lord Bolingbroke, whom he mentions with great regard in an epiſtle upon authors, which he wrote about that time, but was too wiſe to publiſh, and of which only ſome fragments have appeared, inſerted by him in the Magazine after his retirement.

To deſpair was not, however, the character of Savage: when one patronage failed he had recourſe to another. The Prince was now extremely popular, and had very liberally rewarded the merit of ſome writers whom Mr. Savage did not think ſuperior to himſelf, and therefore he reſolved to addreſs a poem to him.

For this purpoſe he made choice of a ſubject which could regard only perſons of the higheſt rank and greateſt affluence, and which was therefore proper for

a poem intended to procure the patronage of a prince; and having retired for ſome time to Richmond, that he might proſecute his deſign in full tranquillity, without the temptations of pleaſure or the ſolicitations of creditors, by which his meditations were in equal danger of being diſconcerted, he produced a poem on Public Spirit with regard to Public Works.

The plan of this poem is very extenſive, and compriſes a multitude of topics, each of which might furniſh matter ſufficient for a long performance, and of which ſome have already employed more eminent writers; but as he was perhaps not fully acquainted with the whole extent of his own deſign, and was writing to obtain a ſupply of wants too preſſing to admit of long or accurate inquiries, he paſſes negligently over many public works which, even in his own opinion, deſerved to be more elaborately treated.

But though he may ſometimes diſappoint his reader by tranſient touches upon theſe ſubjects, which have often been conſidered, and therefore naturally raiſe expectations, he muſt be allowed amply to compenſate his omiſſions, by expatiating in the concluſion of his work upon a kind of beneficence not yet celebrated by any eminent poet, though it now appears more ſuſceptible of embelliſhments, more adapted to exalt the ideas, and affect the paſſions, than many of thoſe which have hitherto been thought moſt worthy of the ornaments of verſe. The ſettlement of colonies

in uninhabited countries, the eſtabliſhment of thoſe in ſecurity whoſe misfortunes have made their own country no longer pleaſing or ſafe, the acquiſition of property without injury to any, the appropriation of the waſte and luxuriant bounties of Nature, and the enjoyment of thoſe gifts which Heaven has ſcattered upon regions uncultivated and unoccupied, cannot be conſidered without giving riſe to a great number of pleaſing ideas, and bewildering the imagination in delightful proſpects; and therefore whatever ſpeculations they may produce in thoſe who have confined themſelves to political ſtudies, naturally fixed the attention and excited the applauſe of a poet. The politician, when he conſiders men driven into other countries for ſhelter, and obliged to retire to foreſts and deſerts, and paſs their lives and fix their poſterity in the remoteſt corners of the world, to avoid thoſe hardſhips which they ſuffer or fear in their native place, may very properly inquire why the legiſlature does not provide a remedy for theſe miſeries, rather than encourage an eſcape from them. He may conclude that the flight of every honeſt man is a loſs to the community, that thoſe who are unhappy without guilt ought to be relieved, and the life which is overburthened by accidental calamities ſet at eaſe by the care of the public; and that thoſe who have, by miſconduct, forfeited their claim to favour, ought rather to be made uſeful to the ſociety which they have in-

jured than be driven from it. But the poet is employed in a more pleaſing undertaking than that of propoſing laws which, however juſt or expedient, will never be made, or endeavouring to reduce to rational ſchemes of government ſocieties which were formed by chance, and are conducted by the private paſſions of thoſe who preſide in them. He guides the unhappy fugitive from want and perſecution to plenty, quiet, and ſecurity, and ſeats him in ſcenes of peaceful ſolitude and undiſturbed repoſe.

Savage has not forgotten, amidſt the pleaſing ſentiments which this proſpect of retirement ſuggeſted to him, to cenſure thoſe crimes which have been generally committed by the diſcoverers of new regions, and to expoſe the enormous wickedneſs of making war upon barbarous nations becauſe they cannot reſiſt, and of invading countries becauſe they are fruitful; of extending navigation only to propagate vice, and of viſiting diſtant lands only to lay them waſte. He has aſſerted the natural equality of mankind, and endeavoured to ſuppreſs that pride which inclines men to imagine that right is the conſequence of power.

His deſcription of the various miſeries which force men to ſeek for refuge in diſtant countries affords another inſtance of his proficiency in the important and extenſive ſtudy of human life, and the tenderneſs with which he recounts them another proof of his humanity and benevolence.

It is obſervable that the cloſe of this poem diſcovers a change which experience had made in Mr. Savage's opinions. In a poem written by him in his youth, and publiſhed in his Miſcellanies, he declares his contempt of the contracted views and narrow proſpects of the middle ſtate of life, and declares his reſolution either to tower like the cedar, or be trampled like the ſhrub; but in this poem, though addreſſed to a prince, he mentions this ſtate of life as compriſing thoſe who ought moſt to attract reward, thoſe who merit moſt the confidence of power and the familiarity of greatneſs; and, accidentally mentioning this paſſage to one of his friends, declared, that in his opinion all the virtue of mankind was comprehended in that ſtate.

In deſcribing villas and gardens he did not omit to condemn that abſurd cuſtom which prevails among the Engliſh of permitting ſervants to receive money from ſtrangers for the entertainment that they receive, and therefore inſerted in his poem theſe lines:

> But what the flow'ring pride of gardens rare,
> However royal, or however fair,
> If gates, which to acceſs ſhould ſtill give way,
> Ope but, like Peter's Paradiſe, for pay?
> If perquiſited varlets frequent ſtand,
> And each new walk muſt a new tax demand?
> What foreign eye but with contempt ſurveys?
> What Muſe ſhall from oblivion ſnatch their praiſe?

But before the publication of his performance he recollected that the Queen allowed her garden and

cave at Richmond to be ſhewn for money, and that ſhe ſo openly countenanced the practice, that ſhe had beſtowed the privilege of ſhewing them as a place of profit on a man whoſe merit ſhe valued herſelf upon rewarding, though ſhe gave him only the liberty of diſgracing his country.

He therefore thought, with more prudence than was often exerted by him, that the publication of theſe lines might be officiouſly repreſented as an inſult upon the Queen, to whom he owed his life and his ſubſiſtence, and that the propriety of his obſervation would be no ſecurity againſt the cenſures which the unſeaſonableneſs of it might draw upon him; he therefore ſuppreſſed the paſſage in the firſt edition, but after the Queen's death thought the ſame caution no longer neceſſary, and reſtored it to the proper place.

The poem was therefore publiſhed without any political faults, and inſcribed to the Prince: but Mr. Savage, having no friend upon whom he could prevail to preſent it to him, had no other method of attracting his obſervation than the publication of frequent advertiſements, and therefore received no reward from his patron, however generous on other occaſions.

This diſappointment he never mentioned without indignation, being by ſome means or other confident that the Prince was not ignorant of his addreſs to him, and inſinuated, that if any advances in popularity

could have been made by diſtinguiſhing him, he had not written without notice or without reward.

He was once inclined to have preſented his poem in perſon, and ſent to the printer for a copy with that deſign; but either his opinion changed or his reſolution deſerted him, and he continued to reſent neglect without attempting to force himſelf into regard.

Nor was the public much more favourable than his patron, for only ſeventy-two were ſold, though the performance was much commended by ſome whoſe judgment in that kind of writing is generally allowed. But Savage eaſily reconciled himſelf to mankind without imputing any defect to his work, by obſerving that his poem was unluckily publiſhed two days after the prorogation of the parliament, and by conſequence at a time when all thoſe who could be expected to regard it were in the hurry of preparing for their departure, or engaged in taking leave of others upon their diſmiſſion from public affairs.

It muſt be, however, allowed, in juſtification of the public, that this performance is not the moſt excellent of Mr. Savage's works; and that though it cannot be denied to contain many ſtriking ſentiments, majeſtic lines, and juſt obſervations, it is in general not ſufficiently poliſhed in the language, or enlivened in the imagery, or digeſted in the plan.

Thus his poem contributed nothing to the alleviation of his poverty, which was ſuch as very few could

have ſupported with equal patience, but to which it muſt likewiſe be confeſſed that few would have been expoſed who received punctually fifty pounds a-year; a ſalary which, though by no means equal to the demands of vanity and luxury, is yet found ſufficient to ſupport families above want, and was undoubtedly more than the neceſſities of life require.

But no ſooner had he received his penſion than he withdrew to his darling privacy, from which he returned in a ſhort time to his former diſtreſs, and for ſome part of the year generally lived by chance, eating only when he was invited to the tables of his acquaintances, from which the meanneſs of his dreſs often excluded him, when the politeneſs and variety of his converſation would have been thought a ſufficient recompenſe for his entertainment.

He lodged as much by accident as he dined, and paſſed the night ſometimes in mean houſes which are ſet open at night to any caſual wanderers, ſometimes in cellars among the riot and filth of the meaneſt and moſt profligate of the rabble; and ſometimes, when he had not money to ſupport even the expenſes of theſe receptacles, walked about the ſtreets till he was weary, and lay down in the ſummer upon a bulk, or in the winter, with his aſſociates in poverty, among the aſhes of a glaſshouſe.

In this manner were paſſed thoſe days and thoſe nights which Nature had enabled him to have em-

ployed in elevated ſpeculations, uſeful ſtudies, or pleaſing converſation. On a bulk, in a cellar, or in a glaſs-houſe, among thieves and beggars, was to be found the Author of The Wanderer, the man of exalted ſentiments, extenſive views, and curious obſervations! the man whoſe remarks on life might have aſſiſted the ſtateſman, whoſe ideas of virtue might have enlightened the moraliſt, whoſe eloquence might have influenced ſenates, and whoſe delicacy might have poliſhed courts!

It cannot but be imagined that ſuch neceſſities might ſometimes force him upon diſreputable practices, and it is probable that theſe lines in The Wanderer were occaſioned by his reflections on his own conduct.

> Tho' mis'ry leads to happineſs and truth,
> Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
> (O let none cenſure if, untry'd by grief,
> If amidſt woe, untempted by relief)
> He ſtoop'd reluctant to low arts of ſhame,
> Which then, ev'n then, he ſcorn'd, and bluſh'd to name.

Whoever was acquainted with him was certain to be ſolicited for ſmall ſums, which the frequency of the requeſt made in time conſiderable, and he was therefore quickly ſhunned by thoſe who were become familiar enough to be truſted with his neceſſities; but his rambling manner of life, and conſtant appearance at houſes of public reſort, always procured him a new ſucceſſion of friends, whoſe kindneſs had not been exhauſted by repeated requeſts, ſo that he was ſeldom

abſolutely without reſources, but had in his utmoſt exigencies this comfort, that he always imagined himſelf ſure of ſpeedy relief.

It was obſerved that he always aſked favours of this kind without the leaſt ſubmiſſion or apparent conſciouſneſs of dependence, and that he did not ſeem to look upon a compliance with his requeſt as an obligation that deſerved any extraordinary acknowledgments, but a refuſal was reſented by him as an affront, or complained of as an injury; nor did he readily reconcile himſelf to thoſe who either denied to lend, or gave him afterwards any intimation that they expected to be repaid.

He was ſometimes ſo far compaſſionated by thoſe who knew both his merit and diſtreſſes, that they received him into their families, but they ſoon diſcovered him to be a very incommodious inmate; for being always accuſtomed to an irregular manner of life, he could not confine himſelf to any ſtated hours, or pay any regard to the rules of a family, but would prolong his converſation till midnight, without conſidering that buſineſs might require his friend's application in the morning; and when he had perſuaded himſelf to retire to bed, was not without equal difficulty called up to dinner; it was therefore impoſſible to pay him any diſtinction without the entire ſubverſion of all economy, a kind of eſtabliſhment which, wherever he went, he always appeared ambitious to overthrow.

It muſt therefore be acknowledged, in juſtification of mankind, that it was not always by the negligence or coldneſs of his friends that Savage was diſtreſſed, but becauſe it was in reality very difficult to preſerve him long in a ſtate of eaſe. To ſupply him with money was a hopeleſs attempt; for no ſooner did he ſee himſelf maſter of a ſum ſufficient to ſet him free from care for a day than he became profuſe and luxurious. When once he had entered a tavern, or engaged in a ſcheme of pleaſure, he never retired till want of money obliged him to ſome new expedient. If he was entertained in a family, nothing was any longer to be regarded there but amuſements and jollity: whereever Savage entered he immediately expected that order and buſineſs ſhould fly before him, that all ſhould thenceforward be left to hazard, and that no dull principle of domeſtic management ſhould be oppoſed to his inclination, or intrude upon his gaiety.

His diſtreſſes, however afflictive, never dejected him; in his loweſt ſtate he wanted not ſpirit to aſſert the natural dignity of wit, and was always ready to repreſs that inſolence which ſuperiority of fortune incited, and to trample that reputation which roſe upon any other baſis than that of merit: he never admitted any groſs familiarities, or ſubmitted to be treated otherwiſe than as an equal. Once, when he was without lodging, meat, or clothes, one of his friends, a man not indeed remarkable for moderation in his

prosperity, left a message that he desired to see him about nine in the morning. Savage knew that his intention was to assist him, but was very much disgusted that he should presume to prescribe the hour of his attendance, and, I believe, refused to visit him, and rejected his kindness.

The same invincible temper, whether firmness or obstinacy, appeared in his conduct to the Lord Tyrconnel, from whom he very frequently demanded that the allowance which was once paid him should be restored, but with whom he never appeared to entertain for a moment the thought of soliciting a reconciliation, and whom he treated at once with all the haughtiness of superiority and all the bitterness of resentment. He wrote to him not in a style of supplication or respect, but of reproach, menace, and contempt; and appeared determined, if he ever regained his allowance, to hold it only by the right of conquest.

As many more can discover that a man is richer than that he is wiser than themselves, superiority of understanding is not so readily acknowledged as that of fortune; nor is that haughtiness which the consciousness of great abilities incites borne with the same submission as the tyranny of affluence; and therefore Savage, by asserting his claim to deference and regard, and by treating those with contempt whom better fortune animated to rebel against him, did not

fail to raiſe a great number of enemies in the different claſſes of mankind. Thoſe who thought themſelves raiſed above him by the advantages of riches hated him becauſe they found no protection from the petulance of his wit: thoſe who were eſteemed for their writings feared him as a critic, and maligned him as a rival, and almoſt all the ſmaller wits were his profeſſed enemies.

Among theſe Mr. Millar ſo far indulged his reſentment as to introduce him in a farce, and direct him to be perſonated on the ſtage in a dreſs like that which he then wore; a mean inſult! which only inſinuated that Savage had but one coat, and which was therefore deſpiſed by him rather than reſented; for though he wrote a lampoon againſt Millar he never printed it: and as no other perſon ought to proſecute that revenge from which the perſon who was injured deſiſted, I ſhall not preſerve what Mr. Savage ſuppreſſed, of which the publication would indeed have been a puniſhment too ſevere for ſo impotent an aſſault.

The great hardſhips of poverty were to Savage not the want of lodging or of food, but the neglect and contempt which it drew upon him. He complained that as his affairs grew deſperate he found his reputation for capacity viſibly decline; that his opinion in queſtions of criticiſm was no longer regarded when his coat was out of faſhion; and that thoſe who in the

interval of his profperity were always encouraging him to great undertakings, by encomiums on his genius, and affurances of fuccefs, now received any mention of his defigns with coldnefs; thought that the fubjects on which he propofed to write were very difficult; and were ready to inform him that the event of a poem was uncertain; that an author ought to employ much time in the confideration of his plan, and not prefume to fit down to write in confidence of a few curfory ideas and a fuperficial knowledge: difficulties were ftarted on all fides, and he was no longer qualified for any performance but The Volunteer Laureat.

Yet even this kind of contempt never depreffed him, for he always preferved a fteady confidence in his own capacity, and believed nothing above his reach which he fhould at any time earneftly endeavour to attain. He formed fchemes of the fame kind with regard to knowledge and to fortune, and flattered himfelf with advances to be made in fcience, as with riches to be enjoyed in fome diftant period of his life. For the acquifition of knowledge he was indeed far better qualified than for that of riches, for he was naturally inquifitive, and defirous of the converfation of thofe from whom any information was to be obtained, but by no means folicitous to improve thofe opportunities that were fometimes offered of raifing his fortune; and he was remarkably retentive of his ideas, which,

when once he was in poſſeſſion of them, rarely forſook him; a quality which could never be communicated to his money.

While he was thus wearing out his life in expectation that the Queen would ſome time recollect her promiſe, he had recourſe to the uſual practice of writers, and publiſhed propoſals for printing his Works by ſubſcription, to which he was encouraged by the ſucceſs of many who had not a better right to the favour of the public; but, whatever was the reaſon, he did not find the world equally inclined to favour him; and he obſerved, with ſome diſcontent, that though he offered his Works at half a guinea, he was able to procure but a ſmall number in compariſon with thoſe who ſubſcribed twice as much to Duck.

Nor was it without indignation that he ſaw his propoſals neglected by the Queen, who patroniſed Mr. Duck's with uncommon ardour, and incited a competition among thoſe who attended the court who ſhould moſt promote his intereſt, and who ſhould firſt offer a ſubſcription. This was a diſtinction to which Mr. Savage made no ſcruple of aſſerting that his birth, his misfortunes, and his genius, gave him a fairer title than could be pleaded by him on whom it was conferred.

Savage's applications were, however, not univerſally unſucceſsful, for ſome of the nobility countenanced his deſign, encouraged his propoſals, and ſub-

ſcribed with great liberality; he related of the Duke of Chandos particularly, that upon receiving his propoſals he ſent him ten guineas.

But the money which his ſubſcriptions afforded him was not leſs volatile than that which he received from his other ſchemes; whenever a ſubſcription was paid him he went to a tavern, and as money ſo collected is neceſſarily received in ſmall ſums, he never was able to ſend his poems to the preſs, but for many years continued his ſolicitation, and ſquandered whatever he obtained.

This project of printing his Works was frequently revived; and as his propoſals grew obſolete new ones were printed with freſher dates. To form ſchemes for the publication was one of his favourite amuſements, nor was he ever more at eaſe than when, with any friend who readily fell in with his ſchemes, he was adjuſting the print, forming the advertiſements, and regulating the diſperſion of his new edition, which he really intended ſome time to publiſh, and which, as long as experience had ſhewn him the impoſſiblity of printing the volume together, he at laſt determined to divide into weekly or monthly numbers, that the profits of the firſt might ſupply the expenſes of the next.

Thus he ſpent his time in mean expedients and tormenting ſuſpenſe, living for the greateſt part in fear of proſecutions from his creditors, and, conſequently,

ſkulking in obſcure parts of the Town, of which he was no ſtranger to the remoteſt corners. But whe ever he came his addreſs ſecured him friends, whom his neceſſities ſoon alienated, ſo that he had perhaps a more numerous acquaintance than any man ever before attained, there being ſcarcely any perſon eminent on any account to whom he was not known, or whoſe character he was not in ſome degree able to delineate.

To the acquiſition of this extenſive acquaintance every circumſtance of his life contributed: he excelled in the arts of converſation, and therefore willingly practiſed them: he had ſeldom any home, or even a lodging, in which he could be private, and therefore was driven into public-houſes for the common conveniencies of life and ſupports of nature: he was always ready to comply with every invitation, having no employment to with-hold him, and often no money to provide for himſelf; and by dining with one company he never failed of obtaining an introduction into another.

Thus diſſipated was his life, and thus caſual his ſubſiſtence; yet did not the diſtraction of his views hinder him from reflection, nor the uncertainty of his condition depreſs his gaiety. When he had wandered about without any fortunate adventure by which he was led into a tavern, he ſometimes retired into the fields, and was able to employ his mind in ſtudy, or amuſe it with pleaſing imaginations, and ſeldom

appeared to be melancholy, but when ſome ſudden misfortune had juſt fallen upon him, and even then, in a few moments, he would diſentangle himſelf from his perplexity, adopt the ſubject of converſation, and apply his mind wholly to the objects that others preſented to it.

This life, unhappy as it may be already imagined, was yet imbittered in 1738 with new calamities. The death of the Queen deprived him of all the proſpects of preferment with which he ſo long entertained his imagination; and as Sir Robert Walpole had before given him reaſon to believe that he never intended the performance of his promiſe, he was now abandoned again to fortune.

He was, however, at that time ſupported by a friend; and as it was not his cuſtom to look out for diſtant calamities, or to feel any other pain than that which forced itſelf upon his ſenſes, he was not much afflicted at his loſs, and perhaps comforted himſelf that his penſion would be now continued without the annual tribute of a panegyric.

Another expectation contributed likewiſe to ſupport him: he had taken a reſolution to write a ſecond tragedy upon the ſtory of Sir Thomas Overbury, in which he preſerved a few lines of his former play, but made a total alteration of the plan, added new incidents, and introduced new characters; ſo that it was a new tragedy, not a revival of the former.

Many of his friends blamed him for not making choice of another ſubject; but, in vindication of himſelf, he aſſerted that it was not eaſy to find a better, and that he thought it his intereſt to extinguiſh the memory of the firſt tragedy, which he could only do by writing one leſs defective upon the ſame ſtory, by which he ſhould entirely defeat the artifice of the bookſellers, who, after the death of any author of reputation, are always induſtrious to ſwell his works, by uniting his worſt productions with his beſt.

In the execution of this ſcheme, however, he proceeded but ſlowly, and probably only employed himſelf upon it when he could find no other amuſement; but he pleaſed himſelf with counting the profits, and perhaps imagined that the theatrical reputation which he was about to acquire would be equivalent to all that he had loſt by the death of his patroneſs.

He did not, in confidence of his approaching riches, neglect the meaſures proper to ſecure the continuance of his penſion, though ſome of his favourers thought him culpable for omitting to write on her death; but on her birth-day next year he gave a proof of the ſolidity of his judgment and the power of his genius. He knew that the track of elegy had been ſo long beaten that it was impoſſible to travel in it without treading in the footſteps of thoſe who had gone before him, and that therefore it was neceſſary, that he might diſtinguiſh himſelf from the herd

of encomiasts, to find out some new walk of funeral panegyric.

This difficult task he performed in such a manner, that his poem may be justly ranked among the best pieces that the death of princes has produced. By transferring the mention of her death to her birth-day he has formed a happy combination of topics, which any other man would have thought it very difficult to connect in one view, but which he has united in such a manner, that the relation between them appears natural; and it may be justly said, that what no other man would have thought on it now appears scarcely possible for any man to miss.

The beauty of this peculiar combination of images is so masterly that it is sufficient to set this poem above censure; and therefore it is not necessary to mention many other delicate touches which may be found in it, and which would deservedly be admired in any other performance.

To these proofs of his genius may be added, from the same poem, an instance of his prudence, an excellence for which he was not so often distinguished; he does not forget to remind the King, in the most delicate and artful manner, of continuing his pension.

With regard to the success of this address he was for some time in suspense, but was in no great degree solicitous about it, and continued his labour upon his

new tragedy with great tranquillity, till the friend who had for a considerable time supported him, removing his family to another place, took occasion to dismiss him. It then became necessary to inquire more diligently what was determined in his affair, having reason to suspect that no great favour was intended him, because he had not received his pension at the usual time.

It is said that he did not take those methods of retrieving his interest which were most likely to succeed, and some of those who were employed in the Exchequer cautioned him against too much violence in his proceedings; but Mr. Savage, who seldom regulated his conduct by the advice of others, gave way to his passion, and demanded of Sir Robert Walpole, at his levee, the reason of the distinction that was made between him and the other pensioners of the Queen with a degree of roughness, which perhaps determined him to withdraw what had been only delayed.

Whatever was the crime of which he was accused or suspected, and whatever influence was employed against him, he received soon after an account that took from him all hopes of regaining his pension; and he had now no prospect of subsistence but from his play, and he knew no way of living for the time required to finish it.

So peculiar were the misfortunes of this man, de-

prived of an eſtate and title by a particular law, expoſed and abandoned by a mother, defrauded by a mother of a fortune which his father had allotted him, he entered the world without a friend; and though his abilities forced themſelves into eſteem and reputation he was never able to obtain any real advantage, and whatever proſpects aroſe were always intercepted as he began to approach them. The King's intentions in his favour were fruſtrated; his Dedication to the Prince, whoſe generoſity on every other occaſion was eminent, procured him no reward; Sir Robert Walpole, who valued himſelf upon keeping his promiſe to others, broke it to him without regret; and the bounty of the Queen was, after her death, withdrawn from him, and from him only.

Such were his misfortunes, which yet he bore not only with decency but with cheerfulneſs, nor was his gaiety clouded even by his laſt diſappointments, though he was in a ſhort time reduced to the loweſt degree of diſtreſs, and often wanted both lodging and food. At this time he gave another inſtance of the unſurmountable obſtinacy of his ſpirit; his clothes were worn out, and he received notice that at a coffeehouſe ſome clothes and linen were left for him; the perſon who ſent them did not, I believe, inform him to whom he was to be obliged, that he might ſpare the perplexity of acknowledging the benefit;

but though the offer was so far generous it was made with some neglect of ceremonies, which Mr. Savage so much resented that he refused the present, and declined to enter the house till the clothes that had been designed for him were taken away.

His distress was now publicly known, and his friends, therefore, thought it proper to concert some measures for his relief; and one of them wrote a letter to him, in which he expressed his concern "for "the miserable withdrawing of his pension;" and gave him hopes, that in a short time he should find himself supplied with a competence "without any "dependence on those little creatures, which we are "pleased to call The Great."

The scheme proposed for this happy and independent subsistence was, that he should retire into Wales, and receive an allowance of fifty pounds a-year, to be raised by a subscription, on which he was to live privately, in a cheap place, without aspiring any more to affluence, or having any farther care of reputation.

This offer Mr. Savage gladly accepted, though with intentions very different from those of his friends; for they proposed that he should continue an exile from London for ever, and spend all the remaining part of his life at Swansea; but he designed only to take the opportunity which their scheme offered him of retreating for a short time, that he might prepare his play for the stage, and his other Works for the

prefs, and then to return to London to exhibit his tragedy, and live upon the profits of his own labour.

With regard to his Works, he propofed very great improvements, which would have required much time, or great application; and when he had finifhed them he defigned to do juftice to his fubfcribers by publifhing them, according to his propofals.

As he was ready to entertain himfelf with future pleafures, he had planned out a fcheme of life for the country, of which he had no knowledge but from paftorals and fongs. He imagined that he fhould be tranfported to fcenes of flowery felicity, like thofe which one poet has reflected to another, and had projected a perpetual round of innocent pleafures, of which he fufpected no interruption from pride, or ignorance, or brutality.

With thefe expectations he was fo enchanted, that when he was once gently reproached by a friend for fubmitting to live upon a fubfcription, and advifed rather by a refolute exertion of his abilities to fupport himfelf, he could not bear to debar himfelf from the happinefs which was to be found in the calm of a cottage, or lofe the opportunity of liftening, without intermiffion, to the melody of the nightingale, which he believed was to be heard from every bramble, and which he did not fail to mention as a very important part of the happinefs of a country life.

While this fcheme was ripening his friends direct-

ed him to take a lodging in the liberties of the Fleet, that he might be secure from his creditors, and sent him every Monday a guinea, which he commonly spent before the next morning, and trusted, after his usual manner, the remaining part of the week to the bounty of Fortune.

He now began very sensibly to feel the miseries of dependence: those by whom he was to be supported began to prescribe to him with an air of authority, which he knew not how decently to resent nor patiently to bear; and he soon discovered, from the conduct of most of his subscribers, that he was yet in the hands of "Little creatures."

Of the insolence that he was obliged to suffer he gave many instances, of which none appeared to raise his indignation to a greater height than the method which was taken of furnishing him with clothes. Instead of consulting him, and allowing him to send a tailor his orders for what they thought proper to allow him, they proposed to send for a tailor to take his measure, and then to consult how they should equip him.

This treatment was not very delicate, nor was it such as Savage's humanity would have suggested to him on a like occasion; but it had scarcely deserved mention had it not, by affecting him in an uncommon degree, shewn the peculiarity of his character. Upon hearing the design that was formed he came

to the lodging of a friend with the moſt violent agonies of rage; and being aſked what it could be that gave him ſuch diſturbance, he replied with the utmoſt vehemence of indignation, "that they had ſent for "a tailor to meaſure him."

How the affair ended was never inquired for fear of renewing his uneaſineſs. It is probable that, upon recollection, he ſubmitted with a good grace to what he could not avoid, and that he diſcovered no reſentment where he had no power.

He was, however, not humbled to implicit and univerſal compliance; for when the gentleman who had firſt informed him of the deſign to ſupport him by a ſubſcription attempted to procure a reconciliation with the Lord Tyrconnel, he could by no means be prevailed upon to comply with the meaſures that were propoſed.

A letter was written for him to Sir William Lemon, to prevail upon him to interpoſe his good offices with Lord Tyrconnel, in which he ſolicited Sir William's aſſiſtance "for a man who really needed it as "much as any man could well do;" and informed him that he was retiring "for ever to a place where "he ſhould no more trouble his relations, friends, or "enemies;" he confeſſed that his paſſion had betrayed him to ſome conduct with regard to Lord Tyrconnel "for which he could not but heartily aſk his pardon;" and as he imagined Lord Tyrconnel's paſſion might

be yet ſo high that he would not "receive a letter "from him," begged that Sir William would endeavour to ſoften him; and expreſſed his hopes that he would comply with his requeſt, and that "ſo ſmall "a relation would not harden his heart againſt him."

That any man ſhould preſume to dictate a letter to him was not very agreeable to Mr. Savage, and therefore he was, before he had opened it, not much inclined to approve it; but when he read it he found it contained ſentiments entirely oppoſite to his own, and, as he aſſerted, to the truth; and therefore, inſtead of copying it, wrote his friend a letter full of maſculine reſentment and warm expoſtulations. He very juſtly obſerved that the ſtyle was too ſupplicatory, and the repreſentation too abject, and that he ought at leaſt to have made him complain with "the "dignity of a gentleman in diſtreſs." He declared that he would not write the paragraph in which he was to aſk Lord Tyrconnel's pardon, for "he deſpiſed "his pardon, and therefore could not heartily, and "would not hypocritically, aſk it." He remarked, that his friend made a very unreaſonable diſtinction between himſelf and him; for, ſays he, when you mention men of high rank "in your own character," they "are thoſe little creatures whom we are pleaſed to call "The Great;" but when you addreſs them "in mine," no ſervility is ſufficiently humble. He then, with great propriety, explained the ill conſequences which might

be expected from such a letter, which his relations would print in their own defence, and which would for ever be produced as a full answer to all that he should allege against them; for he always intended to publish a minute account of the treatment which he had received. It is to be remembered, to the honour of the gentleman by whom this letter was drawn up, that he yielded to Mr. Savage's reasons, and agreed that it ought to be suppressed.

After many alterations and delays a subscription was at length raised, which did not amount to fifty pounds a-year, though twenty were paid by one gentleman; such was the generosity of mankind, that what had been done by a player without solicitation could not now be effected by application and interest! and Savage had a great number to court and to obey for a pension less than that which Mrs. Oldfield paid him without exacting any servilities!

Mr. Savage, however, was satisfied and willing to retire, and was convinced that the allowance, though scanty, would be more than sufficient for him, being now determined to commence a rigid economist, and to live according to the exactest rules of frugality; for nothing was in his opinion more contemptible than a man who, when he knew his income, exceeded it: and yet he confessed that instances of such folly were too common, and lamented that some men were not to be trusted with their own money.

Full of theſe ſalutary reſolutions he left London in July 1739, having taken leave, with great tenderneſs, of his friends, and parted from the Author of this Narrative with tears in his eyes. He was furniſhed with fifteen guineas, and informed, that they would be ſufficient not only for the expence of his journey but for his ſupport in Wales for ſome time; and that there remained but little more of the firſt collection. He promiſed a ſtrict adherence to his maxims of parſimony, and went away in the ſtage-coach; nor did his friends expect to hear from him till he informed them of his arrival at Swanſea.

But when they leaſt expected arrived a letter, dated the 14th day after his departure, in which he ſent them word that he was yet upon the road, and without money, and that he therefore could not proceed without a remittance. They then ſent him the money that was in their hands, with which he was enabled to reach Briſtol, from whence he was to go to Swanſea by water.

At Briſtol he found an embargo laid upon the ſhipping, ſo that he could not immediately obtain a paſſage; and being therefore obliged to ſtay there ſome time, he, with his uſual felicity, ingratiated himſelf with many of the principal inhabitants, was invited to their houſes, diſtinguiſhed at their public feaſts, and treated with a regard that gratified his vanity, and therefore eaſily engaged his affection.

He began very early after his retirement to complain of the conduct of his friends in London, and irritated many of them so much by his letters that they withdrew, however honourably, their contributions; and it is believed that little more was paid him than the twenty pounds a-year which were allowed him by the gentleman who proposed the subscription.

After some stay at Bristol he retired to Swansea, the place originally proposed for his residence, where he lived about a year very much dissatisfied with the diminution of his salary; but contracted, as in other places, acquaintance with those who were most distinguished in that country, among whom he has celebrated Mr Powel and Mrs. Jones by some verses, which he inserted in The Gentleman's Magazine.

Here he completed his tragedy, of which two acts were wanting when he left London, and was desirous of coming to Town to bring it upon the stage. This design was very warmly opposed, and he was advised by his chief benefactor to put it into the hands of Mr. Thomson and Mr. Mallet, that it might be fitted for the stage, and to allow his friends to receive the profits, out of which an annual pension should be paid him.

This proposal he rejected with the utmost contempt. He was by no means convinced that the judgment of those to whom he was required to submit was superior to his own. He was now determined, as he ex-

preffed it, to be "no longer kept in leadingftrings," and had no elevated idea of "his bounty" who propofed to "penfion him out of the profits of his own "labour."

He attempted, in Wales, to promote a fubfcription for his Works, and had once hopes of fuccefs; but in a fhort time afterwards formed a refolution of leaving that part of the country, to which he thought it not reafonable to be confined for the gratification of thofe who, having promifed him a liberal income, had no fooner banifhed him to a remote corner than they reduced his allowance to a falary fcarcely equal to the neceffities of life.

His refentment of this treatment, which, in his own opinion at leaft, he had not deferved, was fuch that he broke off all correfpondence with moft of his contributors, and appeared to confider them as perfecutors and oppreffors; and in the latter part of his life declared, that their conduct toward him fince his departure from London "had been perfidioufnefs "improving on perfidioufnefs, and inhumanity on "inhumanity."

It is not to be fuppofed that the neceffities of Mr. Savage did not fometimes incite him to fatirical exaggerations of the behaviour of thofe by whom he thought himfelf reduced to them; but it muft be granted that the diminution of his allowance was a great hardfhip, and that thofe who withdrew their fubfcrip-

tion from a man who, upon the faith of their promiſe, had gone into a kind of baniſhment, and abandoned all thoſe by whom he had been before relieved in his diſtreſſes, will find it no eaſy taſk to vindicate their conduct.

It may be alleged, and perhaps juſtly, that he was petulant and contemptuous; that he more frequently reproached his ſubſcribers for not giving him more than thanked them for what he received; but it is to be remembered that this conduct, and this is the worſt charge that can be drawn up againſt him, did them no real injury; and that it therefore ought rather to have been pited than reſented, at leaſt the reſentment it might provoke ought to have been generous and manly; epithets which his conduct will hardly deſerve, that ſtarves the man whom he has perſuaded to put himſelf into his power.

It might have been reaſonably demanded by Savage, that they ſhould, before they had taken away what they promiſed, have replaced him in his former ſtate; that they ſhould have taken no advantages from the ſituation to which the appearance of their kindneſs had reduced him, and that he ſhould have been recalled to London before he was abandoned: he might juſtly repreſent that he ought to have been conſidered as a lion in the toils, and demand to be releaſed before the dogs ſhould be looſed upon him.

He endeavoured, indeed, to releaſe himſelf, and,

with an intent to return to London went to Briſtol, where a repetition of the kindneſs which he had formerly found invited him to ſtay. He was not only careſſed and treated, but had a collection made for him of about thirty pounds, with which it had been happy if he had immediately departed for London; but his negligence did not ſuffer him to conſider that ſuch proofs of kindneſs were not often to be expected, and that this ardour of benevolence was in a great degree the effect of novelty, and might, probably, be every day leſs; and therefore he took no care to improve the happy time, but was encouraged by one favour to hope for another, till at length generoſity was exhauſted, and officiouſneſs wearied.

Another part of his miſconduct was the practice of prolonging his viſits to unſeaſonable hours, and diſconcerting all the families into which he was admitted. This was an error in a place of commerce which all the charms of his converſation could not compenſate; for what trader would purchaſe ſuch airy ſatiſfaction by the loſs of ſolid gain? which muſt be the conſequence of midnight merriment, as thoſe hours which were gained at night were generally loſt in the morning.

Thus Mr. Savage, after the curioſity of the inhabitants was gratified, found the number of his friends daily decreaſing, perhaps without ſuſpecting for what reaſon their conduct was altered; for he ſtill conti-

nued to haraſs with his nocturnal intruſions thoſe that yet countenanced him, and admitted him to their houſes.

But he did not ſpend all the time of his reſidence at Briſtol in viſits or at taverns, for he ſometimes returned to his ſtudies, and began ſeveral conſiderable deſigns. When he felt an inclination to write, he always retired from the knowledge of his friends, and lay hid in an obſcure part of the ſuburbs till he found himſelf again deſirous of company, to which it is likely that intervals of abſence made him more welcome.

He was always full of his deſign of returning to London to bring his tragedy upon the ſtage; but having neglected to depart with the money that was raiſed for him, he could not afterwards procure a ſum ſufficient to defray the expenſes of his journey; nor perhaps would a freſh ſupply have had any other effect than, by putting immediate pleaſures in his power, to have driven the thoughts of his journey out of his mind.

While he was thus ſpending the day in contriving a ſcheme for the morrow diſtreſs ſtole upon him by imperceptible degrees. His conduct had already wearied ſome of thoſe who were at firſt enamoured of his converſation: but he might, perhaps, ſtill have devolved to others, whom he might have entertained with equal ſucceſs, had not the decay of his clothes made

it no longer conſiſtent with their vanity to admit him to their tables, or to aſſociate with him in public places. He now began to find every man from home at whoſe houſe he called, and was therefore no longer able to procure the neceſſaries of life, but wandered about the town ſlighted and neglected in queſt of a dinner which he did not always obtain.

To complete his miſery he was purſued by the officers for ſmall debts which he had contracted, and was therefore obliged to withdraw from the ſmall number of friends from whom he had ſtill reaſon to hope for favours. His cuſtom was to lie in bed the greateſt part of the day, and to go out in the dark with the utmoſt privacy, and after having paid his viſit return again before morning to his lodging, which was in the garret of an obſcure inn.

Being thus excluded on one hand, and confined on the other, he ſuffered the utmoſt extremities of poverty, and often faſted ſo long that he was ſeized with faintneſs, and had loſt his appetite, not being able to bear the ſmell of meat till the action of his ſtomach was reſtored by a cordial.

In this diſtreſs he received a remittance of five pounds from London, with which he provided himſelf a decent coat, and determined to go to London, but unhappily ſpent his money at a favourite tavern. Thus was he again confined to Briſtol, where he was

every day hunted by bailiffs. In this exigence he once more found a friend, who ſheltered him in his houſe, though at the uſual inconveniencies with which his company was attended; for he could neither be perſuaded to go to bed in the night nor to riſe in the day.

It is obſervable that in theſe various ſcenes of miſery he was always diſengaged and cheerful: he at ſome times purſued his ſtudies, and at others continued or enlarged his epiſtolary correſpondence, nor was he ever ſo far dejected as to endeavour to procure an increaſe of his allowance by any other methods than accuſations and reproaches.

He had now no longer any hopes of aſſiſtance from his friends at Briſtol, who, as merchants, and, by conſequence, ſufficiently ſtudious of profit, cannot be ſuppoſed to have looked with much compaſſion upon negligence and extravagance, or to think any excellence equivalent to a fault of ſuch conſequence as neglect of economy. It is natural to imagine that many of thoſe who would have relieved his real wants were diſcouraged from the exertion of their benevolence by obſervation of the uſe which was made of their favours, and conviction that relief would only be momentary, and that the ſame neceſſity would quickly return.

At laſt he quitted the houſe of his friend, and returned to his lodging at the inn, ſtill intending to ſet

out in a few days for London; but on the 10th of January 1742-3, having been at supper with two of his friends, he was, at his return to his lodgings, arrested for a debt of about eight pounds, which he owed at a coffeehouse, and conducted to the house of a sheriff's officer. The account which he gives of this misfortune, in a letter to one of the gentlemen with whom he had supped, is too remarkable to be omitted.

" It was not a little unfortunate for me that I spent " yesterday's evening with you, because the hour " hindered me from entering on my new lodging; " however I have now got one, but such an one as, " I believe, no body would chuse.

" I was arrested at the suit of Mrs. Read just as " I was going up stairs to bed at Mr. Bowyer's, but " taken in so private a manner that I believe no body " at The White Lyon is apprised of it. Though I let " the officers know the strength (or rather weakness) " of my pocket, yet they treated me with the utmost " civility; and even when they conducted me to confinement, it was in such a manner that I verily believe I could have escaped, which I would rather " be ruined than have done, notwithstanding the " whole amount of my finances was but three-pence " halfpenny.

" In the first place, I must insist that you will industriously conceal this from Mrs. S—s, because

"I would not have her good nature suffer that pain "which, I know, she would be apt to feel on this oc- "casion.

"Next I conjure you, dear Sir! by all the ties of "friendship, by no means to have one uneasy thought "on my account, but to have the same pleasantry of "countenance and unruffled serenity of mind which "(God be praised!) I have in this, and have had in "a much severer calamity. Furthermore, I charge "you, if you value my friendship as truly as I do "your's, not to utter, or even harbour, the least re- "sentment against Mrs. Read. I believe she has "ruined me, but I freely forgive her; and (though "I will never more have any intimacy with her) "would, at a due distance, rather do her an act of "good than ill will. Lastly, (pardon the expression) "I absolutely command you not to offer me any pe- "cuniary assistance, nor to attempt getting me any "from any one of your friends. At another time, or "on any other occasion, you may, dear friend! be "well assured I would rather write to you in the sub- "missive style of a request than that of a peremptory "command.

"However, that my truly valuable friend may not "think I am too proud to ask a favour, let me entreat "you to let me have your boy to attend me for this "day, not only for the sake of saving me the expense

"of porters, but for the delivery of some letters to "people whose names I would not have known to "strangers.

"The civil treatment I have thus far met from "those whose prisoner I am, makes me thankful to "the Almighty that, tho' he has thought fit to visit "me (on my birth-night) with affliction, yet (such "is his great goodness!) my affliction is not without "alleviating circumstances. I murmur not, but am "all resignation to the divine will. As to the world, "I hope that I shall be endued by Heaven with that "presence of mind, that serene dignity in misfortune, "that constitutes the character of a true nobleman; "a dignity far beyond that of coronets; a nobility ari-"sing from the just principles of philosophy, refined "and exalted by those of Christianity."——

He continued five days at the officer's, in hopes that he should be able to procure bail, and avoid the necessity of going to prison. The state in which he passed his time, and the treatment which he received, are very justly expressed by him in a letter which he wrote to a friend: "The whole day," says he, "has "been employed in various peoples' filling my head "with their foolish chimerical systems, which has "obliged me coolly (as far as nature will admit) to "digest and accommodate myself to every different "person's way of thinking; hurried from one wild

"syſtem to another, till it has quite made a chaos of "my imagination, and nothing done—promiſed—"diſappointed—ordered to ſend every hour from "one part of the town to the other."——

When his friends, who had hitherto careſſed and applauded, found that to give bail and pay the debt was the ſame, they all refuſed to preſerve him from a priſon at the expenſe of eight pounds; and therefore after having been for ſome time at the officer's houſe "at an immenſe expenſe," as he obſerves in his letter, he was at length removed to Newgate.

This expenſe he was enabled to ſupport by the generoſity of Mr. Naſh at Bath, who, upon receiving from him an account of his condition, immediately ſent him five guineas, and promiſed to promote his ſubſcription at Bath with all his intereﬅ.

By his removal to Newgate he obtained at leaﬅ a freedom from ſuſpenſe, and reﬅ from the diﬅurbing viciſſitudes of hope and diſappointment; he now found that his friends were only companions, who were willing to ſhare his gaiety but not to partake of his misfortunes, and therefore he no longer expected any aſſiﬅance from them.

It muﬅ, however, be obſerved of one gentleman, that he offered to releaſe him by paying the debt, but that Mr. Savage would not conſent; I ſuppoſe, becauſe he thought he had been before too burthenſome to him.

He was offered, by some of his friends, that a collection should be made for his enlargement; but he "treated the proposal, and declared, "that he "should again treat it, with disdain. As to writing "any mendicant letters he had too high a spirit, and "determined only to write to some ministers of state "to try to regain his pension."

He continued to complain of those that had sent him into the country, and objected to them, that he had "lost the profits of his play which had been finish-"ed three years;" and in another letter declares his resolution to publish a pamphlet, that the world might know how "he had been used."

This pamphlet was never written, for he in a very short time recovered his usual tranquillity, and cheerfully applied himself to more inoffensive studies. He indeed steadily declared, that he was promised a yearly allowance of fifty pounds and never received half the sum; but he seemed to resign himself to that as well as to other misfortunes, and lose the remembrance of it in his amusements and employments.

The cheerfulness with which he bore his confinement appears from the following letter, which he wrote January the 30th, to one of his friends in London:

"I now write to you from my confinement in "Newgate, where I have been ever since Monday

"last was se'ennight, and where I enjoy myself with "much more tranquillity than I have known for up- "wards of a twelvemonth past, having a room en- "tirely to myself, and pursuing the amusement of my "poetical studies uninterrupted, and agreeable to my "mind. I thank the Almighty I am now all collected "in myself; and though my person is in confinement "my mind can expatiate on ample and useful subjects "with all the freedom imaginable. I am now more "conversant with the Nine than ever; and if, instead "of a Newgate-bird, I may be allowed to be a bird "of the Muses, I assure you, Sir, I sing very freely "in my cage; sometimes indeed in the plaintive "notes of the nightingale, but at others in the cheer- "ful strains of the lark."——

In another letter he observes, that he ranges from one subject to another, without confining himself to any particular task, and that he was employed one week upon one attempt, and the next upon another.

Surely the fortitude of this man deserves, at least, to be mentioned with applause; and whatever faults may be imputed to him, the virtue of suffering well cannot be denied him. The two powers which, in the opinion of Epictetus, constituted a wise man, are those of bearing and forbearing, which cannot indeed be affirmed to have been equally possessed by Savage; and indeed the want of one obliged him very frequently to practise the other.

He was treated by Mr. Dagg, the keeper of the prison, with great humanity; was supported by him at his own table without any certainty of recompense, had a room to himself, to which he could at any time retire from all disturbance, was allowed to stand at the door of the prison, and sometimes taken out into the fields; so that he suffered fewer hardships in prison than he had been accustomed to undergo in the greatest part of his life.

The keeper did not confine his benevolence to a gentle execution of his office, but made some overtures to the creditor for his release, but without effect, and continued, during the whole time of his imprisonment, to treat him with the utmost tenderness and civility.

Virtue is undoubtedly most laudable in that state which makes it most difficult, and therefore the humanity of a gaoler certainly deserves this public attestation; and the man whose heart has not been hardened by such an employment may be justly proposed as a pattern of benevolence. If an inscription was once engraved to the "honest tollgatherer," less honour ought not to be paid "to the tender gaoler."

Mr. Savage very frequently received visits, and sometimes presents, from his acquaintances, but they did not amount to a subsistence, for the greater part of which he was indebted to the generosity of this

keeper; but theſe favours, however they might endear to him the particular perſons from whom he received them, were very far from impreſſing upon his mind any advantageous ideas of the people of Briſtol, and therefore he thought he could not more properly employ himſelf in priſon than in writing a poem called "London and Briſtol delineated."

When he had brought this poem to its preſent ſtate, which, without conſidering the chaſm, is not perfect, he wrote to London an account of his deſign, and informed his friend that he was determined to print it with his name, but enjoined him not to communicate his intention to his Briſtol acquaintance: the gentleman, ſurpriſed at his reſolution, endeavoured to diſſuade him from publiſhing it, at leaſt from prefixing his name, and declared that he could not reconcile the injunction of ſecrecy with his reſolution to own it at its firſt appearance. To this Mr. Savage returned an anſwer, agreeable to his character, in the following terms:

"I received your's this morning, and not without "a little ſurpriſe at the contents. To anſwer a que-"ſtion with a queſtion you aſk me concerning London and Briſtol, Why will I add delineated? Why "did Mr. Woolaſton add the ſame word to his Reli-"gion of Nature? I ſuppoſe it was his will and plea-"ſure to add it in his caſe, and it is mine to do ſo in

"my own. You are pleased to tell me that you understand not why secrecy is enjoined, and yet I intend to set my name to it. My answer is—I have my private reasons, which I am not obliged to explain to any one. You doubt my friend Mr. S——would not approve of it—And what is it to me whether he does or not? Do you imagine that Mr. S—— is to dictate to me? If any man, who calls himself my friend, should assume such an air, I would spurn at his friendship with contempt. You say I seem to think so by not letting him know it. —And suppose I do, what then? perhaps I can give reasons for that disapprobation very foreign from what you would imagine. You go on in saying, Suppose I should not put my name to it—My answer is, that I will not suppose any such thing, being determined to the contrary; neither, Sir, would I have you suppose that I applied to you for want of another press, nor would I have you imagine that I owe Mr. S—— obligations which I do not."

Such was his imprudence, and such his obstinate adherence to his own resolutions, however absurd. A prisoner! supported by charity! and, whatever insults he might have received during the latter part of his stay in Bristol, once caressed, esteemed, and presented with a liberal collection, he could forget on a

ſudden his danger and his obligations to gratify the petulance of his wit, or the eagerneſs of his reſentment, and publiſhed a ſatire, by which he might reaſonably expect that he ſhould alienate thoſe who then ſupported him, and provoke thoſe whom he could neither reſiſt nor eſcape.

This reſolution, from the execution of which it is probable that only his death could have hindered him, is ſufficient to ſhew how much he diſregarded all conſiderations that oppoſed his preſent paſſions, and how readily he hazarded all future advantages for any immediate gratifications. Whatever was his predominant inclination, neither hope nor fear hindered him from complying with it, nor had oppoſition any other effect than to heighten his ardour, and irritate his vehemence.

This performance was, however, laid aſide, while he was employed in ſoliciting aſſiſtance from ſeveral great perſons, and one interruption ſucceeding another hindered him from ſupplying the chaſm, and perhaps from retouching the other parts, which he can hardly be imagined to have finiſhed in his own opinion; for it is very unequal, and ſome of the lines are rather inſerted to rhyme to others than to ſupport or improve the ſenſe; but the firſt and laſt parts are worked up with great ſpirit and elegance.

His time was ſpent in the priſon, for the moſt part,

in ſtudy or in receiving viſits; but ſometimes he deſcended to lower amuſements, and diverted himſelf in the kitchen with the converſation of the criminals; for it was not pleaſing to him to be much without company; and though he was very capable of a judicious choice, he was often contented with the firſt that offered: for this he was ſometimes reproved by his friends, who found him ſurrounded with felons; but the reproof was on that, as on other occaſions, thrown away; he continued to gratify himſelf, and to ſet very little value on the opinion of others.

But here, as in every other ſcene of his life, he made uſe of ſuch opportunities as occurred of benefiting thoſe who were more miſerable than himſelf, and was always ready to perform any offices of humanity to his fellow-priſoners.

He had now ceaſed from correſponding with any of his ſubſcribers except one, who yet continued to remit him the twenty pounds a-year which he had promiſed him, and by whom it was expected that he would have been in a very ſhort time enlarged, becauſe he had directed the keeper to inquire after the ſtate of his debts.

However, he took care to enter his name according to the forms of the court, that the creditor might be obliged to make him ſome allowance if he was continued a priſoner, and when on that occaſion he ap-

peared in the hall was treated with very unusual respect.

But the resentment of the City was afterwards raised by some accounts that had been spread of the satire, and he was informed that some of the merchants intended to pay the allowance which the law required, and to detain him a prisoner at their own expense. This he treated as an empty menace, and perhaps might have hastened the publication, only to shew how much he was superior to their insults, had not all his schemes been suddenly destroyed.

When he had been six months in prison he received from one of his friends *, in whose kindness he had the greatest confidence, and on whose assistance he chiefly depended, a letter that contained a charge of very atrocious ingratitude, drawn up in such terms as sudden resentment dictated. Mr. Savage returned a very solemn protestation of his innocence, but, however, appeared much disturbed at the accusation. Some days afterwards he was seized with a pain in his back and side, which, as it was not violent, was not suspected to be dangerous; but, growing daily more languid and dejected, on the 25th of July he confined himself to his room, and a fever seized his spirits. The symptoms grew every day more formi-

* Mr. Pope.

dable, but his condition did not enable him to procure any assistance. The last time that the keeper saw him was on July the 31st 1743, when Savage, seeing him at his bedside, said, with an uncommon earnestness, "I have something to say to you, Sir;" but, after a pause, moved his hand in a melancholy manner, and finding himself unable to recollect what he was going to communicate, said, "'Tis gone!" The keeper soon after left him, and the next morning he died. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Peter at the expense of the keeper.

Such were the life and death of Richard Savage, a man equally distinguished by his virtues and vices, and at once remarkable for his weaknesses and abilities.

He was of a middle stature, of a thin habit of body, a long visage, coarse features, and melancholy aspect; of a grave and manly deportment, a solemn dignity of mien, but which, upon a nearer acquaintance, softened into an engaging easiness of manners. His walk was slow, and his voice tremulous and mournful. He was easily excited to smiles, but very seldom provoked to laughter.

His mind was in an uncommon degree vigorous and active; his judgment was accurate, his apprehension quick, and his memory so tenacious, that he was frequently observed to know what he had learn-

ed from others in a short time better than those by whom he was informed, and could frequently recollect incidents, with all their combination of circumstances, which few would have regarded at the present time, but which the quickness of his apprehension impressed upon him. He had the peculiar felicity that his attention never deserted him; he was present to every object, and regardful of the most trifling occurrences: he had the art of escaping from his own reflections, and accommodating himself to every new scene.

To this quality is to be imputed the extent of his knowledge, compared with the small time which he spent in visible endeavours to acquire it. He mingled in cursory conversation with the same steadiness of attention as others apply to a lecture, and, amidst the appearance of thoughtless gaiety, lost no new idea that was started, nor any hint that could be improved: he had therefore made in coffeehouses the same proficiency as in other studies; and it is remarkable that the writings of a man of little education and little reading have an air of learning scarcely to be found in any other performances, but which perhaps as often obscures as embellishes them.

His judgment was eminently exact both with regard to writings and to men. The knowledge of life was indeed his chief attainment, and it is not with-

out some satisfaction that I can produce the suffrage of Savage in favour of human nature, of which he never appeared to entertain such odious ideas as some who perhaps had neither his judgment nor experience have published, either in ostentation of their sagacity, vindication of their crimes, or gratification of their malice.

His method of life particularly qualified him for conversation, of which he knew how to practise all the graces. He was never vehement or loud, but at once modest and easy, open and respectful; his language was vivacious and elegant, and equally happy upon grave or humorous subjects. He was generally censured for not knowing when to retire, but that was not the defect of his judgment, but of his fortune; when he left his company he was frequently to spend the remaining part of the night in the street, or at least was abandoned to gloomy reflections, which it is not strange that he delayed as long as he could, and sometimes forgot that he gave others pain to avoid it himself.

It cannot be said that he made use of his abilities for the direction of his own conduct: an irregular and dissipated manner of life had made him the slave of every passion that happened to be excited by the presence of its object, and that slavery to his passions reciprocally produced a life irregular and dis-

sipated. He was not master of his own motions, nor could promise any thing for the next day.

With regard to his economy, nothing can be added to the relation of his life: he appeared to think himself born to be supported by others, and dispensed from all necessity of providing for himself; he therefore never prosecuted any scheme of advantage, nor endeavoured even to secure the profits which his Writings might have afforded him.

His temper was, in consequence of the dominion of his passions, uncertain and capricious; he was easily engaged, and easily disgusted; but he is accused of retaining his hatred more tenaciously than his benevolence.

He was compassionate both by nature and principle, and always ready to perform offices of humanity; but when he was provoked, and very small offences were sufficient to provoke him, he would prosecute his revenge with the utmost acrimony till his passion had subsided.

His friendship was, therefore, of little value; for though he was zealous in the support or vindication of those whom he loved, yet it was always dangerous to trust him, because he considered himself as discharged by the first quarrel from all ties of honour or gratitude; and would betray those secrets which, in the warmth of confidence, had been imparted to him.

This practice drew upon him an universal accusation of ingratitude; nor can it be denied that he was very ready to set himself free from the load of an obligation; for he could not bear to conceive himself in a state of dependence, his pride being equally powerful with his other passions, and appearing in the form of insolence at one time and of vanity at another. Vanity, the most innocent species of pride, was most frequently predominant. He could not easily leave off when he had once begun to mention himself or his Works, nor ever read his verses without stealing his eyes from the page, to discover in the faces of his audience how they were affected with any favourite passage.

A kinder name than that of Vanity ought to be given to the delicacy with which he was always careful to separate his own merit from every other man's, and to reject that praise to which he had no claim. He did not forget, in mentioning his performances, to mark every line that had been suggested or amended, and was so accurate as to relate that he owed three words in The Wanderer to the advice of his friends.

His veracity was questioned, but with little reason; his accounts, tho' not indeed always the same, were, generally, consistent. When he loved any man he suppressed all his faults, and when he had been offended by him concealed all his virtues: but his cha-

racters were, generally, true ſo far as he proceeded, though it cannot be denied that his partiality might have ſometimes the effect of falſehood.

In caſes indifferent he was zealous for virtue, truth, and juſtice: he knew very well the neceſſity of goodneſs to the preſent and future happineſs of mankind, nor is there perhaps any writer who has leſs endeavoured to pleaſe by flattering the appetites, or perverting the judgment.

As an author, therefore, and he now ceaſes to influence mankind in any other character, if one piece which he had reſolved to ſuppreſs be excepted, he has very little to fear from the ſtricteſt moral or religious cenſure: and though he may not be altogether ſecure againſt the objections of the critic, it muſt, however, be acknowledged that his Works are the productions of a genius truly poetical, and what many writers who have been more laviſhly applauded cannot boaſt, that they have an original air which has no reſemblance of any foregoing writer; that the verſification and ſentiments have a caſt peculiar to themſelves, which no man can imitate with ſucceſs, becauſe what was nature in Savage would in another be affectation. It muſt be confeſſed that his deſcriptions are ſtriking, his images animated, his fictions juſtly imagined, and his allegories artfully purſued; that his diction is elevated, though ſometimes forced,

and his numbers ſonorous and majeſtic, though frequently ſluggiſh and incumbered. Of his ſtyle the general fault is harſhneſs, and its general excellence is dignity; of his ſentiments the prevailing beauty is ſublimity, and uniformity the prevailing defect.

For his life, or for his Writings, none who candidly conſider his fortune will think an apology either neceſſary or difficult. If he was not always ſufficiently inſtructed in his ſubject, his knowledge was at leaſt greater than could have been attained by others in the ſame ſtate: if his Works were ſometimes unfiniſhed, accuracy cannot reaſonably be exacted from a man oppreſſed with want, which he has no hope of relieving but by a ſpeedy publication. The inſolence and reſentment of which he is accuſed were not eaſily to be avoided by a great mind irritated by perpetual hardſhips, and conſtrained hourly to return the ſpurns of Contempt and repreſs the inſolence of Proſperity; and vanity may, ſurely, be readily pardoned in him, to whom life afforded no other comforts than barren praiſes, and the conſciouſneſs of deſerving them.

Thoſe are no proper judges of his conduct who have ſlumbered away their time on the down of affluence; nor will any wiſe man preſume to ſay, "Had "I been in Savage's condition I ſhould have lived or "written better than Savage."

This relation will not be wholly without its uſe, if thoſe who languiſh under any part of his ſufferings ſhall be enabled to fortify their patience, by reflecting that they feel only thoſe afflictions from which the abilities of Savage did not exempt him; or thoſe who, in confidence of ſuperior capacities or attainments, diſregard the common maxims of life, ſhall be reminded that nothing will ſupply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity long continued will make knowledge uſeleſs, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

TO THOMAS HARRIS, ESQ.

PATENTEE OF THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

SIR,

I BEG leave to inſcribe to you the Writings of Mr. Richard Savage, an author whoſe early love of the drama not the bittereſt calamities could depreſs. His genius and misfortunes have heretofore gained him the protection of a predeceſſor of your's in the direction of the theatre—Sir Richard Steele, who, like Mr. Harris, poſſeſſed an uncommon ſhare of benevolence: he acted as you would have done: he promoted his intereſt with the utmoſt zeal, related his misfortunes, extolled his merit, and took all opportunities of recommending him. The unfortunate Savage, in return, would have joined with others in acknowledging your worth and merit in directing the moſt rational entertainment of an enlightened people. It requires no common exertion of ſpirit, activity and abilities, to be competitor for the public favour, with a theatre directed by the greateſt dramatic genius our country could ever boaſt: one aſſiſtance you ſhare with that manager, the advice of a numerous group of Newſpaper Wits and Critics, thoſe infallible judges of every art and ſcience, who, with a candour and kindneſs peculiar to themſelves, ſeize every op-

portunity to mark the most minute mistake of manager and actor. If your feelings and doubts should make you reject the advice of such eminent writers, (who have frequently had the greatest lawyers for their commentators) I trust you will continue to receive, what I know you ardently wish—the approbation of the public. I am,

SIR,

Your obliged friend,

THE EDITOR.

EPISTLES.

AN EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HON.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Still let low wits, who ſenſe nor honour prize,
Sneer at all gratitude, all truth diſguiſe;
At living worth, becauſe alive, exclaim,
Inſult the exil'd, and the dead defame!
Such paint what pity veils in private woes,
And what we ſee with grief with mirth expoſe;
Studious to urge—(whom will mean authors ſpare?)
The child's, the parent's, and the conſort's, tear;
Unconſcious of what pangs the heart may rend,
To loſe what they have ne'er deſerv'd—a friend.
Such, ignorant of facts, invent, relate,
Expos'd perſiſt, and anſwer'd ſtill debate;
Such but by foils the cleareſt luſtre ſee,
And deem aſperſing others praiſing thee.
Far from theſe tracks my honeſt lays aſpire,
And greet a gen'rous heart with gen'rous fire.
Truth be my guide! Truth! which thy virtue claims;
This nor the poet nor the patron ſhames.
When party-minds ſhall loſe contracted views,
And hiſt'ry queſtion the recording Muſe,

'Tis this alone to after-times must shine,
And stamp the poet and his theme divine.
Long has my Muse, from many a mournful cause,
Sung with small pow'r, nor sought sublime applause;
From that great point she now shall urge her scope,
On that fair promise rest her future hope;
Where policy, from state-illusion clear,
Can thro' an open aspect shine sincere;
Where Science, Law, and Liberty, depend,
And own the patron, patriot, and the friend;
(That breast to feel, that eye on worth to gaze,
That smile to cherish, and that hand to raise!)
Whose best of hearts her best of thoughts inflame,
Whose joy is bounty, and whose gift is fame.
Where for relief flies Innocence distress'd?
To you, who chase oppression from th' oppress'd;
Who, when complaint to you alone belongs,
Forgive your own tho' not a people's wrongs;
Who still make public property your care,
And thence bid private grief no more despair.
Ask they what state your shelt'ring care shall own?
'Tis youth, 't is age, the cottage, and the throne:
Nor can the prison 'scape your searching eye,
Your ear still op'ning to the captive's cry.
Nor less was promis'd from thy early skill,
Ere pow'r enforc'd benevolence of will:
To friends refin'd, thy private life adher'd,
By thee improving ere by thee preferr'd.

Well hadſt thou weigh'd what truth ſuch friends afford,
With thee reſigning, and with thee reſtor'd:
Thou taught'ſt them all extenſive love to bear,
And now mankind with thee their friendſhips ſhare.
As the rich cloud by due degrees expands,
And ſhow'rs down plenty thick on ſundry lands,
Thy ſpreading worth in various bounty fell,
Made genius flouriſh, and made art excel.
How many, yet deceiv'd, all pow'r oppoſe,
Their fears increaſing as decreaſe their woes;
Jealous of bondage while they freedom gain,
And moſt oblig'd moſt eager to complain?
But well we count our bliſs if well we view,
When pow'r oppreſſion not protection grew;
View preſent ills that puniſh diſtant climes,
Or bleed in mem'ry here from ancient times.
Mark firſt the robe abus'd Religion wore,
Story'd with griefs, and ſtain'd with human gore!
What various tortures, engines, fires, reveal,
Study'd, empow'r'd, and ſanctify'd, by zeal?
Stop here, my Muſe!—peculiar woes deſcry,
Bid them in ſad ſucceſſion ſtrike thy eye.
Lo! to her eye the ſad ſucceſſion ſprings,
She looks, ſhe weeps, and as ſhe weeps ſhe ſings!
See the doom'd Hebrew of his ſtores bereſt!
See holy Murder juſtify the theft!
His ravag'd gold ſome uſeleſs ſhrine ſhall raiſe,
His gems on ſuperſtitious idols blaze!

His wife, his babe, deny'd their little home,
Stripp'd, ſtarv'd, unfriended and unpity'd, roam!
Lo! the prieſt's hand the wafer-god ſupplies!—
A king by conſecrated poiſon dies!
See Learning range yon' broad ethereal plain
From world to world, and godlike Science gain!
Ah! what avails the curious ſearch ſuſtain'd,
The finiſh'd toil, the godlike Science gain'd?
Sentenc'd to flames th' expanſive wiſdom fell,
And truth from Heav'n was ſorcery from Hell.
See Reaſon bid each myſtic wile retire,
Strike out new light, and mark!—the wiſe admire!
Zeal ſhall ſuch hereſy, like Learning, hate,
The ſame their glory, and the ſame their fate.
Lo! from ſought mercy one his life receives,
Life worſe than death that cruel Mercy gives:
The man, perchance, who wealth and honours bore,
Slaves in the mine, or ceaſeleſs ſtrains the oar.
So doom'd are theſe, and ſuch perhaps our doom,
Own'd we a prince, avert it Heav'n! from Rome.
Nor private worth alone falſe Zeal aſſails;
Whole nations bleed when bigotry prevails.
What are ſworn friendſhips? what are kindred ties?
What 's faith with hereſy? (the zealot cries.)
See! when war ſinks the thund'ring cannon's roar,
When wounds, and death, and diſcord, are no more;
When muſic bids undreading joys advance,
Swell the ſoft hour, and turn the ſwimming dance;

When to crown theſe the ſocial ſparkling bowl
Lifts the cheer'd ſenſe, and pours out all the ſoul;
Sudden he ſends red Maſſacre abroad,
Faithleſs to man, to prove his faith to God.
What pure perſuaſive eloquence denies,
All-drunk with blood, the arguing ſword ſupplies;
The ſword, which to th' aſſaſſin's hand is giv'n,
Th' aſſaſſin's hand!—pronounc'd the hand of Heav'n!
Sex bleeds with ſex, and infancy with age;
No rank, no place, no virtue, ſtops his rage:
Shall ſword, and flame, and devaſtation, ceaſe
To pleaſe with zeal wild zeal! the God of Peace?
Nor leſs abuſe has ſcourg'd the civil ſtate,
When a king's will became a nation's fate.
Enormous pow'r! nor noble nor ſerene;
Now fierce and cruel; now but wild and mean.
See titles ſold to raiſe th' unjuſt ſupply!
Compell'd the purchaſe! or be fin'd, or buy!
No public ſpirit, guarded well by laws,
Uncenſur'd cenſures in his country's cauſe.
See from the merchant forc'd th' unwilling loan!
Who dares deny, or deem his wealth his own?
Denying, ſee! where dungeon-damps ariſe,
Diſeas'd he pines, and unaſſiſted dies.
Far more than maſſacre that fate accurſt!
As of all deaths the ling'ring is the worſt.
New courts of cenſure griev'd with new offence,
Tax'd without pow'r, and fin'd without pretence,

Explain'd at will each ſtatute's wreſted aim,
Till marks of merit were the marks of ſhame;
So monſtrous!—life was the ſevereſt grief,
And the worſt death ſeem'd welcome for relief.
In vain the ſubject ſought redreſs from law,
No ſenate liv'd the partial judge to awe:
Senates were void, and ſenators confin'd
For the great cauſe of Nature and Mankind.
Who kings ſuperior to the people own,
Yet prove the law ſuperior to the throne.
Who can review, without a gen'rous tear,
A Church, a State, ſo impious, ſo ſevere?
A land uncultur'd thro' polemic jars,
Rich!—but with carnage from inteſtine wars!
The hand of Induſtry employ'd no more,
And Commerce flying to ſome ſafer ſhore;
All property reduc'd, to pow'r a prey,
And Senſe and Learning chas'd by Zeal away?
Who honours not each dear departed ghoſt
That ſtrove for Liberty ſo won, ſo loſt,
So well regain'd when godlike William roſe,
And firſt entail'd the bleſſing George beſtows?
May Walpole ſtill the growing triumph raiſe,
And bid theſe emulate Eliza's days;
Still ſerve a prince, who, o'er his people great,
As far tranſcends in virtue as in ſtate!
The Muſe purſues thee to thy rural ſeat;
Ev'n there ſhall Liberty inſpire retreat.

When ſolemn cares in flowing wit are drown'd,
And ſportive chat and ſocial laughs go round;
Ev'n then, when pauſing mirth begins to fail,
The converſe varies to the ſerious tale;
The tale pathetic ſpeaks ſome wretch that owes
To ſome deficient law relieſleſs woes:
What inſtant pity warms thy gen'rous breaſt!
How all the legiſlator ſtands confeſt!
Now ſprings the hint! 't is now improv'd to thought!
Now ripe! and now to public welfare brought!
New bills, which regulating means beſtow,
Juſtice preſerve, yet ſoft'ning mercy know:
Juſtice ſhall low vexatious wiles decline,
And ſtill thrive moſt when lawyers moſt repine:
Juſtice from jargon ſhall refin'd appear,
To knowledge thro' our native language clear:
Hence we may learn, no more deceiv'd by law,
Whence wealth and life their beſt aſſurance draw.
  The freed inſolvent, with induſtrious hand,
Strives yet to ſatisfy the juſt demand:
Thus ruthleſs men, who would his pow'rs reſtrain,
Oft' what ſeverity would loſe obtain.
  Theſe, and a thouſand gifts, thy thought acquires,
Which Liberty benevolent inſpires.
From Liberty the fruits of law increaſe,
Plenty, and joy, and all the arts of peace.
Abroad the merchant, while the tempeſts rave,
Advent'rous ſails, nor fears the wind and wave;

At home, untir'd, we find th' auſpicious hand
With flocks, and herds, and harveſts, bleſs the land;
While here the peaſant glads the grateful ſoil,
Here mark the ſhipwright, there the maſon toil,
Hew, ſquare, and rear, magnificent, the ſtone,
And give our oaks a glory not their own!
What life demands by this obeys her call,
And added elegance conſummates all.
Thus ſtately cities, ſtatelier navies, riſe,
And ſpread our grandeur under diſtant ſkies.
From Liberty each nobler ſcience ſprung,
A Bacon brighten'd, and a Spenſer ſung;
A Clarke and Locke new tracks of truth explore,
And Newton reaches heights unreach'd before.
  What Trade ſees property that wealth maintain
Which Induſtry no longer dreads to gain;
What tender conſcience kneels with fears reſign'd,
Enjoys her worſhip, and avows her mind;
What genius now from want to fortune climbs,
And to ſafe ſcience ev'ry thought ſublimes;
What Royal Pow'r, from his ſuperior ſtate,
Sees public happineſs his own create,
But kens thoſe patriot-ſouls to which he owes
Of old each ſource whence now each bleſſing flows?
And if ſuch ſpirits from their heav'n deſcend,
And, blended, flame to point one glorious end;
Flame from one breaſt, and thence on Britain ſhine,
What love, what praiſe, O Walpole! then is thine?

TO MR. JOHN DYER, A PAINTER,

Adviſing him to draw a certain

NOBLE AND ILLUSTRIOUS PERSON.

Occaſioned by ſeeing his

PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED CLIO *.

FORGIVE an artleſs, an officious, friend,
Weak when I judge, but willing to commend;
Fall'n as I am, by no kind fortune rais'd,
Depreſs'd, obſcur'd, unpity'd, and unprais'd;
Yet when theſe well-known features I peruſe,
Some warmth awakes—ſome embers of a Muſe.
Ye Muſes, Graces, and ye Loves! appear;
Your queen, your Venus, and your Clio, is here;
In ſuch pure fires her riſing thoughts refine,
Her eyes with ſuch commanding ſweetneſs ſhine,
Such vivid tinctures ſure thro' ether glow,
Stain ſummer clouds, or gild the wat'ry bow;
If life Pygmalion's iv'ry fav'rite fir'd,
Sure ſome enamour'd god this draught inſpir'd!
Or, if you raſhly caught Promethean flame,
Shade the ſweet theft, and mar the beauteous frame!
Yet if thoſe cheering lights the proſpect fly,
Ah!—let no pleaſing view the loſs ſupply:

* See Dyer's Poems.

Some dreary den, ſome deſert waſte, prepare,
Wild as my thoughts, or dark as my deſpair.
  But ſtill, my Friend! ſtill the ſweet object ſtays,
Still ſtream your colours rich with Clio's rays!
Sure at each kindling touch your canvaſs glows!
Sure the full form, inſtinct with ſpirit, grows!
Let the dull artiſt puzzling rules explore,
Dwell on the face, and gaze the features o'er;
You eye the ſoul—there genuine nature find;
You thro' the meaning muſcles ſtrike the mind.
  Nor can one view ſuch boundleſs pow'r confine,
All Nature opens to an art like thine!
Now rural ſcenes in ſimple grandeur riſe,
Vales, hills, lawns, lakes, and vineyards, feaſt our eyes!
Now halcyon Peace a ſmiling aſpect wears!
Now the red ſcene with war and ruin glares!
Here Britain's fleets o'er Europe's ſeas preſide!
There long-loſt cities rear their ancient pride!
You from the grave can half redeem the ſlain,
And bid great Julius charm the world again;
Mark out Pharſalia's, mark out Munda's, fray,
And image all the honours of the day.
  But if new glories moſt our warmth excite,
If toils untry'd to nobleſt aims invite,
Would you in envy'd pomp unrivall'd reign,
Oh! let Horatius grace the canvaſs plain;
His form might ev'n idolatry create,
In lineage, titles, wealth, and worth, elate;

Empires to him might virgin honours owe,
From him arts, arms, and laws, new influence know:
For him kind ſuns on fruits and grains ſhall ſhine,
And future gold lie rip'ning in the mine.
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which in due ſtatues to his fame ſhall riſe.
Thro' thoſe bright features Cæſar's ſpirit trace,
Each conqu'ring ſweetneſs, each imperial grace;
All that is ſoft, or eminently great,
In love, in war, in knowledge, or in ſtate.
  Thus ſhall your colours like his worth amaze;
Thus ſhall you charm, enrich'd with Clio's praiſe:
Clear, and more clear, your golden genius ſhines,
While my dim lamp of life obſcure declines:
Dull'd in damp ſhades it waſtes, unſeen, away,
While your's, triumphant, grows one blaze of day.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. JOHN DYER,

AUTHOR OF GRONGAR HILL,

*In anſwer to his from the country **.

Now various birds in melting concert ſing,
And hail the beauty of the op'ning ſpring;
Now to thy dreams the nightingale complains,
Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful ſtrains;
Wakes, in thy verſe and friendſhip, ever kind!
Melodious comfort to my jarring mind.

* See Dyer's Poems.

Oh! could my ſoul thro' depths of knowledge ſee,
Could I read Nature and mankind like thee,
I ſhould o'ercome or bear the ſhocks of Fate,
And ev'n draw envy to the humbleſt ſtate.
Thou canſt raiſe honour from each ill event,
From ſhocks gain vigour, and from want content.
Think not light poetry my life's chief care;
The Muſe's manſion is at beſt but air;
But if more ſolid works my meaning forms,
Th' unfiniſh'd ſtructures fall by Fortune's ſtorms!
Oft' have I ſaid we falſely thoſe accuſe
Whoſe godlike ſouls life's middle ſtate refuſe.
Self-love, I cry'd, there ſeeks ignoble reſt;
Care ſleeps not calm when millions wake unbleſt;
Mean let me ſhrink, or ſpread ſweet ſhade o'er all,
Low as the ſhrub, or as the cedar tall!—
'Twas vain! 'twas wild!—I ſought the middle ſtate,
And found the good, and found the truly great.
Tho' verſe can never give my ſoul her aim,
Tho' action only claims ſubſtantial fame;
Tho' Fate denies what my proud wants require,
Yet grant me, Heav'n! by knowledge to aſpire.
Thus to inquiry let me prompt the mind,
Thus clear dimm'd Truth, and bid her bleſs mankind;
From the pierc'd orphan thus draw ſhafts of grief,
Arm Want with patience, and teach Wealth relief!
To ſerve lov'd Liberty inſpire my breath!
Or, if my life be uſeleſs, grant me death;

For he who uſeleſs is in life ſurvey'd,
Burthens that world his duty bids him aid.
Say, what have honours to allure the mind,
Which he gains moſt who leaſt has ſerv'd mankind?
Titles, when worn by fools, I dare deſpiſe;
Yet they claim homage when they crown the wiſe.
When high diſtinction marks deſerving heirs,
Deſert ſtill dignifies the mark it wears.
But who to birth alone would honours owe?
Honours, if true, from ſeeds of merit grow:
Thoſe trees with ſweeteſt charms invite our eyes
Which from our own ingraftment fruitful riſe.
Still we love beſt what we with labour gain,
As the child 's dearer for the mother's pain.
The great I would not envy nor deride,
Nor ſtoop to ſwell a vain ſuperior's pride,
Nor view an equal's hope with jealous eyes,
Nor cruſh the wretch beneath who wailing lies.
My ſympathizing breaſt his grief can feel,
And my eye weep the wound I cannot heal.
Ne'er among friendſhips let me ſow debate,
Nor by another's fall advance my ſtate;
Nor miſuſe wit againſt an abſent friend:
Let me the virtues of a foe defend!
In wealth and want true minds preſerve their weight;
Meek tho' exalted, tho' diſgrac'd elate;
Gen'rous and grateful, wrong'd or help'd they live;
Grateful to ſerve, and gen'rous to forgive.

This may they learn who cloſe thy life attend,
Which, dear in mem'ry, ſtill inſtructs thy friend.
Tho' cruel diſtance bars my groſſer eye,
My ſoul, clear ſighted, draws thy virtue nigh;
Thro' her deep woe that quick'ning comfort gleams,
And lights up fortitude with friendſhip's beams.

VERSES TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY,

Expecting him to correct it.

I.

As the ſoul, ſtripp'd of mortal clay,
Grows all divinely fair,
And boundleſs roves the Milky Way,
And views ſweet proſpects there;

II.

This hero, clogg'd with droſſy lines,
By thee new vigour tries;
As thy correcting hand refines,
Bright ſcenes around him riſe.

III.

Thy touch brings the wiſh'd ſtone to paſs
So ſought, ſo long foretold;
It turns polluted lead or braſs
At once to pureſt gold.

THE FRIEND.

AN EPISTLE TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

O my lov'd Hill! O thou by Heav'n deſign'd
To charm, to mend, and to adorn, mankind!
To thee my hopes, fears, joys, and ſorrows, tend,
Thou brother, father, nearer yet!—thou Friend!
If worldly friendſhips of cement divide
As int'reſts vary, or as whims preſide;
If leagues of Lux'ry borrow Friendſhip's light,
Or leagues ſubverſive of all ſocial right;
O ſay, my Hill! in what propitious ſphere
Gain we the Friend, pure, knowing, and ſincere?
'Tis where the worthy and the wiſe retire;
There Wealth may learn its uſe, may Love inſpire;
There may young Worth the nobleſt end obtain,
In want may friends, in friends may knowledge gain,
In knowledge bliſs; for wiſdom virtue finds,
And brightens mortal to immortal minds.
Kind then my wrongs if love like your's ſucceed,
For you, like Virtue, are a friend indeed!
Oft' when you ſaw my youth wild error know,
Reproof, ſoft hinted, taught the bluſh to glow.
Young and unform'd, you firſt my genius rais'd,
Juſt ſmil'd when faulty, and when mod'rate prais'd.
Me ſhunn'd, me ruin'd, ſuch a Mother's rage!
You ſung, till Pity wept o'er ev'ry page.

You call'd my lays and wrongs to early ſame;
Yet, yet th' obdurate mother felt no ſhame.
Pierc'd as I was, your counſel ſoften'd care,
To eaſe turn'd anguiſh, and to hope deſpair.
The man who never wound afflictive feels,
He never felt the balmy worth that heals.
Welcome the wound when bleſs'd with ſuch relief!
For deep is felt the Friend when felt in grief.
From you ſhall never, but with life, remove
Aſpiring genius, condeſcending love.
When ſome with cold ſuperior looks redreſs,
Relief ſeems inſult, and confirms diſtreſs:
You! when you view the man with wrongs beſieg'd,
While warm you act th' obliger ſeem the oblig'd.
All-winning, mild to each of lowly ſtate;
To equals free, unſervile to the great;
Greatneſs you honour, when by worth acquir'd;
Worth is by worth in ev'ry rank admir'd.
Greatneſs you ſcorn when titles inſult ſpeak;
Proud to vain Pride, to honour'd Meekneſs meek.
That worthleſs bliſs which others court you fly;
That worthy woe they ſhun attracts your eye.
But ſhall the Muſe reſound alone your praiſe?
No—let the public Friend exalt her lays!
O trace that Friend with me!—he 's your's!—he 's mine!—
The world's--beneficent behold him ſhine!
Is wealth his ſphere? If riches, like a tide,
From either India pour their golden pride;

Rich in good works, him others' wants employ;
He gives the widow's heart to ſing for joy.
To orphans, pris'ners, ſhall his bounty flow,
The weeping family of Want and Woe.
Is knowledge his? Benevolently great,
In leiſure active, and in care ſedate;
What aid his little wealth perchance denies,
In each hard inſtance his advice ſupplies.
With modeſt truth he ſets the wand'ring right,
And gives religion pure primeval light;
In love diffuſive, as in light refin'd,
The lib'ral emblem of his Maker's mind.
Is pow'r his orb? He then, like pow'r divine,
On all, tho' with a varied ray, will ſhine.
Ere pow'r was his, the man he once careſt
Meets the ſame faithful ſmile and mutual breaſt:
But aſks his friend ſome dignity of ſtate;
His friend, unequal to th' incumbent weight?
Aſks it a ſtranger, one whom parts inſpire
With all a people's welfare would require?
His choice admits no pauſe; his gift will prove
All private well abſorb'd in public love.
He ſhields his country when for aid ſhe calls;
Or, ſhould ſhe fall, with her he greatly falls:
But as proud Rome, with guilty conqueſt crown'd,
Spread ſlav'ry, death, and deſolation, round,
Should e'er his country for dominion's prize
Againſt the ſons of men a faction riſe,

Glory in her's is in his eye disgrace;
The Friend of truth, the Friend of human race.
Thus to no one, no sect, no clime, confin'd,
His boundless love embraces all mankind;
And all their virtues in his life are known,
And all their joys and sorrows are his own!
These are the lights where stands that Friend confest;
This, this the spirit which informs thy breast.
Thro' Fortune's cloud thy genuine worth can shine;
What wouldst thou not were wealth and greatness thine?

TO THE EXCELLENT MIRANDA,

CONSORT OF AARON HILL, ESQ.

On reading her Poems.

Each soft'ning charm of Clio's smiling song,
Montague's soul, which shines divinely strong,
These blend, with graceful ease, to form thy rhyme,
Tender yet chaste, sweet-sounding yet sublime.
Wisdom and wit have made thy works their care,
Each passion glows refin'd by precept there:
To fair Miranda's form each Grace is kind;
The Muses and the Virtues tune thy mind.

TO MRS. ELIZA HAYWOOD,

ON HER NOVEL CALLED

THE RASH RESOLVE.

Doom'd to a fate which damps the poet's flame,
A Muſe unfriended greets thy riſing name;
Unvers'd in envy's or in flatt'ry's phraſe,
Greatneſs ſhe flies, yet merit claims her praiſe;
Nor will ſhe at her withering wreath repine,
But ſmile, if Fame and Fortune cheriſh thine.
  The Sciences in thy ſweet genius charm,
And with their ſtrength thy ſex's weakneſs arm.
In thy full figures painting's force we find;
As muſic fires, thy language lifts, the mind:
Thy pow'r gives form, and touches into life
The paſſions imag'd in their bleeding ſtrife:
Contraſted ſtrokes true art and fancy ſhow,
And lights and ſhades in lively mixture flow.
Hope attacks Fear, and Reaſon, Love's control,
Jealouſy wounds, and Friendſhip heals the ſoul:
Black Falſehood wears bright Gallantry's diſguiſe,
And the gilt cloud enchants the fair one's eyes.
Thy dames in grief and frailties lovely ſhine,
And when moſt mortal half appear divine.
If, when ſome godlike fav'rite paſſion ſways,
The willing heart too fatally obeys,

Great minds lament what cruel cenſure blames,
And ruin'd virtue gen'rous pity claims.
  Eliza did impaint Love's pow'rful queen!
Let love, ſoft love, exalt each ſwelling ſcene.
Arm'd with keen wit, in Fame's wide liſts advance;
Spain yields in fiction, in politeneſs France.
Such orient light as the firſt poets knew
Flames from thy thought, and brightens ev'ry view!
A ſtrong, a glorious, a luxuriant fire,
Which warms cold wiſdom into wild deſire!
Thy fable glows ſo rich thro' ev'ry page,
What moral's force can the fierce heart aſſwage?
  And yet—but ſay if ever doom'd to prove
The ſad, the dear, perplexities of love!
Where ſeeming tranſport ſoftens ev'ry pain,
Where fancy'd freedom waits the winning chain;
Varying from pangs to viſionary joys,
Sweet is the fate, and charms as it deſtroys!
Say then—if love to ſudden rage gives way,
Will the ſoft paſſion not reſume its ſway?
Charming and charm'd, can Love from Love retire?
Can a cold convent quench th' unwilling fire?
Precept, if human, may our thoughts refine;
More we admire, but cannot prove divine.

AN EPISTLE TO MRS. OLDFIELD,

OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL.

While to your charms unequal verſe I raiſe,
Aw'd I admire and tremble as I praiſe;
Here Art and Genius new refinement need,
Liſt'ning they gaze, and as they gaze recede!
Can Art or Genius, or their pow'rs combin'd,
But from corporeal organs ſketch the mind?
When ſound embody'd can with ſhape ſurpriſe,
The Muſe may emulate your voice and eyes.
  Mark, rival arts perfection's point purſue!
Each rivals each but to excel in you.
The buſt and medal bear the meaning face,
And the proud ſtatue adds the poſture's grace;
Imag'd at length, the bury'd Heroine, known,
Still ſeems to wound, to ſmile or frown in ſtone!
As art would art, or metal ſtone ſurpaſs,
Her ſoul ſtrikes, gleaming, thro' Corinthian braſs!
Serene the ſaint in ſmiling ſilver ſhines,
And cherubs weep in gold o'er ſainted ſhrines!
If long-loſt forms from Raphael's pencil glow,
Wondrous in warmth the mimic colours flow;
Each look, each attitude, new grace diſplays;
Your voice and motion life and muſic raiſe.
  Thus Cleopatra in your charms refines;
She lives, ſhe ſpeaks, with force improv'd ſhe ſhines!

Fair, and more fair, you ev'ry grace tranſmit,
Love, learning, beauty, elegance, and wit.
Cæſar, the world's unrival'd maſter, fir'd,
In her imperial ſoul his own admir'd!
Philippi's victor wore her winning chain,
And felt not empire's loſs in Beauty's gain.
Could the pale heroes your bright influence know
Or catch the ſilver accents as they flow,
Drawn from dark reſt by your enchanting ſtrain,
Each ſhade were lur'd to life and love again.
Say, ſweet Inſpirer! were each annal known,
What living greatneſs ſhines there not your own!
If the griev'd Muſe by ſome lov'd empreſs roſe,
New ſtrength, new grace, it to your influence owes;
If Pow'r by war diſtinguiſh'd height reveals,
Your nobler pride the wounds of Fortune heals.
Then could an empire's cauſe demand your care,
The ſoul that juſtly thinks would greatly dare.
Long has feign'd Venus mock'd the Muſe's praiſe;
You dart, divine Ophelia! genuine rays.
Warm thro' thoſe eyes enliv'ning raptures roll,
Sweet thro' each ſtriking feature ſtreams your ſoul!
The ſoul's bright meanings heighten beauty's fires;
Your looks, your thoughts, your deeds, each grace inſpires!
Know, then, if rank'd with monarchs here you ſtand,
What Fate declines you from the Muſe demand;
Each grace that ſhone of old in each fam'd fair,
Or may in modern dames refinement wear;

Whate'er juſt, emulative, thoughts purſue,
Is all confirm'd, is all ador'd, in you!
If godlike boſoms pant for pow'r to bleſs,
If 't is a monarch's glory to redreſs;
In conſcious majeſty you ſhine ſerene,
In thought a heroine, and in act a queen.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

BESSY COUNTESS OF ROCHFORD,

DAUGHTER OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS,

When with child.

As when the ſun walks forth in flaming gold,
Mean plants may ſmile, and humble flow'rs unfold,
The low-laid lark the diſtant ether wings,
And as ſhe ſoars her daring anthem ſings;
So when thy charms celeſtial views create,
My ſmiling ſong ſurmounts my gloomy fate;
Thy angel-embryo prompts my tow'ring lays,
Claims my fond wiſh, and fires my future praiſe:
May it, if male, its grandſire's image wear,
Or in its mother's charms confeſs the fair!
At the kind birth may each mild planet wait;
Soft be the pain, but prove the bleſſing great!
Hail, Rivers! hallow'd Shade! deſcend from reſt!
Deſcend, and ſmile to ſee thy Rochford bleſt:

Weep not the ſcenes thro' which my life muſt run,
Tho' Fate, fleet-footed, ſcents thy languid ſon.
The bar that, dark'ning, croſs'd my creſted claim,
Yields at her charms, and brightens in their flame:
That blood which, honour'd, in thy Rochford reigns,
In cold unwilling wand'rings trac'd my veins:
Want's wint'ry realm froze hard around my view,
And Scorn's keen blaſts a cutting anguiſh blew.
To ſuch ſad weight my gath'ring griefs were wrought,
Life ſeem'd not life but when convuls'd with thought!
Decreed beneath a mother's frown to pine,
Madneſs were eaſe to mis'ry form'd like mine!
  Yet my Muſe waits thee thro' the realms of day,
Where lambent lightnings round thy temples play.
Sure my fierce woes will, like thoſe fires, refine,
Thus loſe their torture, and thus glorious ſhine!
And now the Muſe heav'n's milky path ſurveys,
With thee 'twixt pendent worlds it wond'ring ſtrays,
Worlds which, unnumber'd as thy virtues, roll
Round ſuns—fix'd, radiant emblems of thy ſoul!
Hence lights refracted run thro' diſtant ſkies,
Changeful on azure plains in quiv'ring dyes!
So thy mind darted thro' its earthy frame
A wide, a various, and a glitt'ring, flame.
  Now a new ſcene enormous luſtre brings,
Now ſeraphs ſhade thee round with ſilver wings;
In angel forms thou ſeeſt thy Rochford ſhine;
In each ſweet form is trac'd her beauteous line!

Such was her ſoul, ere this ſelected mould
Sprung at thy wiſh, the ſparkling life t' infold!
So amidſt cherubs ſhone her ſon refin'd,
Ere infant fleſh the new-form'd ſoul enſhrin'd!
So ſhall a ſequent race from Rochford riſe,
The world's fair pride—deſcendents of the Skies.

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY.

POLLY! from me, tho' now a love-ſick youth,
Nay, tho' a poet, hear the voice of Truth.
Polly! you 're not a beauty, yet you 're pretty;
So grave yet gay, ſo ſilly yet ſo witty;
A heart of ſoftneſs, yet a tongue of ſatire;
You 'ave cruelty, yet ev'n with that good-nature;
Now you are free, and now reſerv'd a while;
Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing ſmile.
Reproach'd for abſence, yet your ſight deny'd;
My tongue you ſilence, yet my ſilence chide.
How would you praiſe me ſhould your ſex defame!
Yet, ſhould they praiſe, grow jealous, and exclaim.
If I deſpair, with ſome kind look you bleſs;
But if I hope, at once all hope ſuppreſs.
You ſcorn, yet ſhould my paſſion change or fail,
Too late you 'd whimper out a ſofter tale.
You love, yet from your lover's wiſh retire;
Doubt yet diſcern, deny and yet deſire.
Such, Polly! are your ſex—part truth part fiction;
Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

EPISTLE TO DAMON AND DELIA.

Hear, Damon! Delia! hear, in candid lays,
Truth without anger, without flatt'ry praiſe.
  A bookiſh mind, with pedantry unfraught,
Oft' a ſedate yet never gloomy thought;
Prompt to rejoice when others pleaſure know,
And prompt to feel the pang for others' woe;
To ſoften faults to which a foe is prone,
And in a friend's perfection praiſe your own;
A will ſincere, unknown to ſelfiſh views,
A heart of love, of gallantry a Muſe;
A delicate yet not a jealous mind;
A paſſion ever fond yet never blind,
Glowing with am'rous yet with guiltleſs fires,
In ever-eager never groſs deſires;
A modeſt honour, ſacred to contain
From tattling vanity when ſmiles you gain;
Conſtant, moſt pleas'd when beauty moſt you pleaſe;
Damon! your picture's ſhown in tints like theſe.
  Say, Delia! muſt I chide you or commend?
Say, muſt I be your flatt'rer or your friend?
  To praiſe no graces in a rival fair,
Nor your own foibles in a ſiſter ſpare;
Each lover's billet-bant'ring to reveal,
And never known one ſecret to conceal;
Young, fickle, fair, a levity inborn,
To treat all ſighing ſlaves with flippant ſcorn;

An eye expreſſive of a wand'ring mind,
Nor this to read nor that to think inclin'd;
Or when a book or thought from whim returns,
Intent on ſongs or novels, dreſs or cards;
Choice to ſelect the party of delight,
To kill time, thought, and fame, in frolic flight;
To flutter here, to flurry there, on wing;
To talk, to teaze, to ſimper, or to ſing;
To prude it, to coquette it—him to truſt
Whoſe vain looſe life ſhould caution or diſguſt;
Him to diſlike whoſe modeſt worth ſhould pleaſe;—
Say, is your picture ſhown in tints like theſe?
Your's!—you deny it—Hear the point then try'd,
Let Judgment, Truth, the Muſe, and Love, decide.
What! your's!—Nay, faireſt Trifler! frown not ſo:
Is it? the Muſe with doubt—Love anſwers No:
You ſmile—Is 't not? Again the queſtion try—
Yes Judgment thinks, and Truth will Yes reply.

TO MISS M—— H——,

SENT WITH MR. POPE'S WORKS.

See female vice and female folly here
Rally'd with wit polite or laſh'd ſevere:
Let Pope preſent ſuch objects to our view;
Such are, my Fair! the full reverſe of you.
Rapt when, to Loddon ſtream* from Windſor's ſhades
He ſings the modeſt charms of ſylvan maids,

* Alluding to the epiſode of Loddona in Windſor Foreſt.

Dear Burford's hills in Mem'ry's eye appear,
And Luddal's ſpring * ſtill murmurs in my ear:
But when you ceaſe to bleſs my longing eyes,
Dumb is the ſpring, the joyleſs proſpect dies:
Come then, my Charmer! come; here tranſport reigns;
New health, new youth, inſpirits all my veins.
Each hour let intercourſe of hearts employ,
Thou life of lovelineſs! thou ſoul of joy!
Love wakes the birds—oh! hear each melting lay;
Love warms the world--come, Charmer! come away.
But hark!—immortal Pope reſumes the lyre!
Diviner airs diviner flights inſpire:
Hark where an angel's language tunes the line!
See where the thoughts and looks of angels ſhine!
Here he pour'd all the muſic of your tongue,
And all your looks and thoughts unconſcious ſung.

SENT TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES,

WITH THE WANDERER, A POEM.

Alluding to an Epiſode where a young man turns hermit for the loſs of his wife Olympia.

WHEN with delight fond Love on Beauty dwelt,
While this the youth and that the fair expreſt,
Faint was his joy compar'd to what I felt,
When in my angel Biddy's preſence bleſt.

* A ſpring near Burford.

Tell her, my Muſe! in ſoft, ſad, ſighing, breath,
If ſhe his piercing grief can pitying ſee,
Worſe than to him was his Olympia's death,
From her each moment's abſence is to me.

TO JOHN POWELL, ESQ.

BARRISTER AT LAW.

In me long abſent, long with anguiſh fraught,
In me, tho' ſilence long has deaden'd thought,
Yet mem'ry lives, and calls the Muſe's aid,
To ſnatch our friendſhip from oblivion's ſhade.
As ſoon the ſun ſhall ceaſe the world to warm,
As ſoon Llannelly's Fair * that would to charm,
As grateful ſenſe of goodneſs, true like thine,
Shall e'er deſert a breaſt ſo warm as mine.
When imag'd Cambria ſtrikes my mem'ry's eye,
(Cambria! my darling ſcene!) I, ſighing, cry
Where is my Powell? dear Aſſociate!—where?
To him I would unboſom ev'ry care;
To him who early felt from beauty pain,
Gall'd in a plighted faithleſs virgin's chain.
At length, from her ungen'rous fetters freed,
Again he loves! he wooes! his hopes ſucceed!
But the gay bridegroom, ſtill by Fortune croſt,
Is, inſtant, in the weeping widower loſt.

* Mrs. Bridget Jones.

Her, his sole joy, her from his bosom torn,
What feeling heart but learns, like his, to mourn
Can Nature, then, such sudden shocks sustain?
Nature thus struck, all reason pleads in vain!
Tho' late, from reason yet he draws relief,
Dwells on her mem'ry, but dispels his grief.
Love, wealth, and fame, (tyrannic passions all!)
No more inflame him, and no more enthral.
He seeks no more in Rufus' Hall renown,
Nor envies Pelf the jargon of the gown;
But, pleas'd with competence, on rural plains
His wisdom courts that ease his worth obtains.
Would private jars, which sudden rise, increase?
His candour smiles all discord into peace.
To party storms is public weal resign'd?
Each steady patriot virtue steers his mind.
Calm on the beach, while madd'ning billows ra
He gains philosophy from ev'ry wave;
Science from ev'ry object round he draws,
From various nature, and from Nature's laws.
He lives o'er ev'ry past historic age;
He calls forth ethics from the fabled page.
Him evangelic truth to thought excites,
And him by turns each classic Muse delights.
With wit well-natur'd, wit, that would disdain
A pleasure rising from another's pain;
Social to all, and most of bliss possest;
When most he renders all around him blest;

To unread 'ſquires illiterately gay,
Among the learn'd as learned full as they;
With the polite all, all accompliſh'd eaſe,
By Nature form'd without deceit to pleaſe.
  Thus ſhines thy youth; and thus my friend, elate
In bleſs as well as worth, is truly great.
Me ſtill ſhould ruthleſs Fate, unjuſt, expoſe
Beneath thoſe clouds that rain unnumber'd woes;
Me to ſome nobler ſphere ſhould Fortune raiſe,
To wealth conſpicuous and to laurell'd praiſe;
Unalter'd yet be love and friendſhip mine;
I ſtill am Chloe's, and I ſtill am thine.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Life of the Author,	5
Dedication to Thomas Harris, Efq.	147
EPISTLES.	
To the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole,	149
To Mr. John Dyer, a Painter, &c.	157
To Mr. John Dyer, author of Grongar Hill,	159
To Aaron Hill, Efq. with the Tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, &c.	162
The Friend. To Aaron Hill, Efq.	163
To the Excellent Miranda, confort to Aaron Hill, Efq. on reading her Poems,	166
To Mrs. Eliza Haywood, &c.	167
To Mrs. Oldfield, of the Theatre-Royal,	169
To the Right Hon. Beffy Countefs of Rochford,	171
To a young Lady,	173
To Damon and Delia,	174
To Mifs M— H—, fent with Pope's Works,	175
To Mrs. Bridget Jones, with the Wanderer,	176
To John Powell, Efq. Barrifter at Law,	177

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